FOR KEYBOARDS, MELODY INSTRUMENTS, GUITAR, VOCAL

CHRISTMAS JOY

MELODY CHORD™

AWAY IN A MANGER

THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

UP ON THE HOUSETOP

TO US IS BORN A LITTLE CHILD

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

MARCH OF THE THREE KINGS

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

and more

SIGHT & SOUND
INTERNATIONAL INC.

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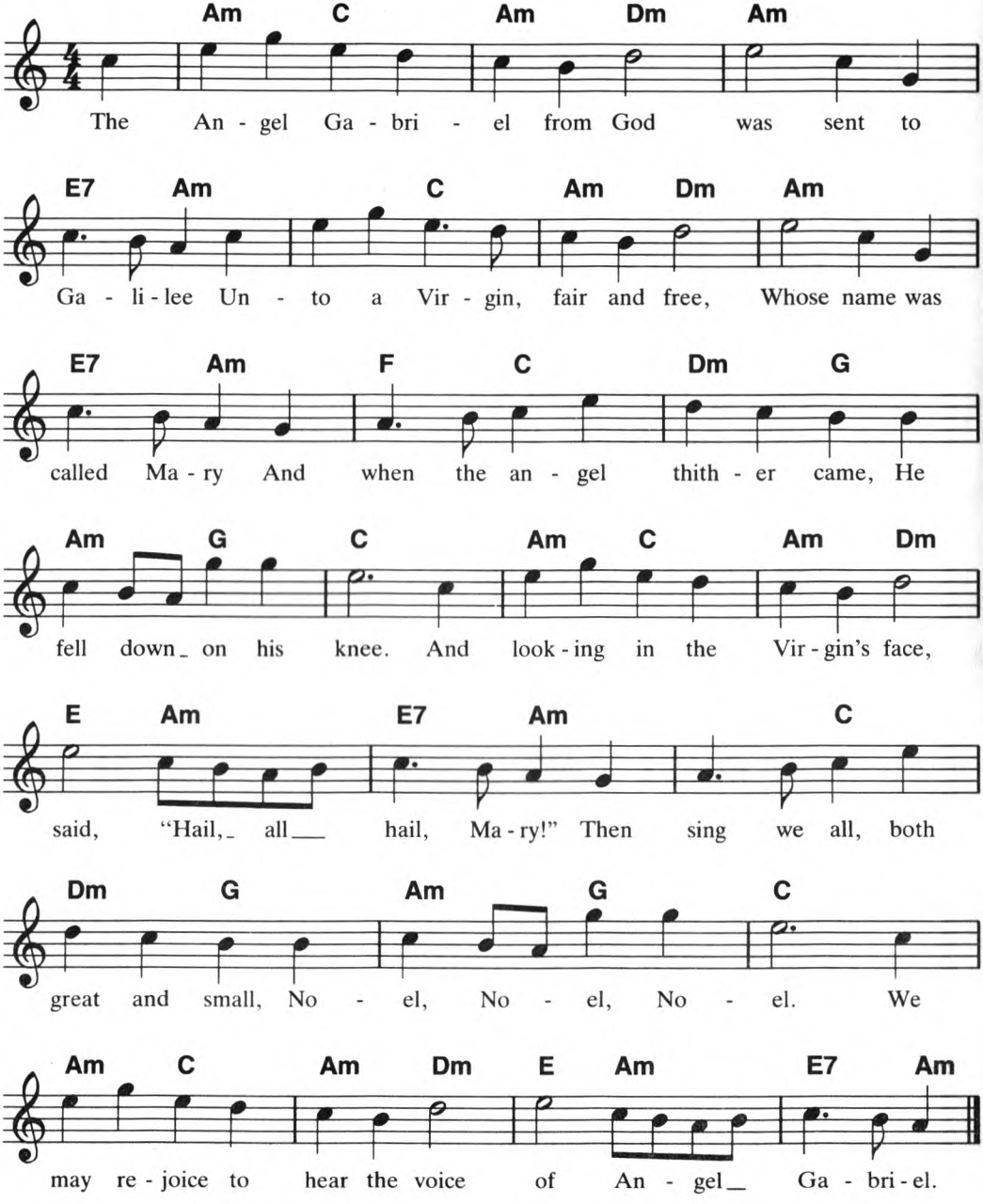
THE ANGEL GABRIEL

ORGAN
CLASSICAL
NO RHYTHM



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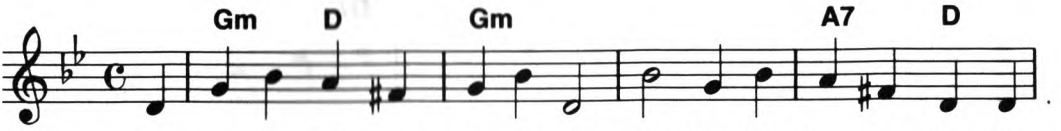
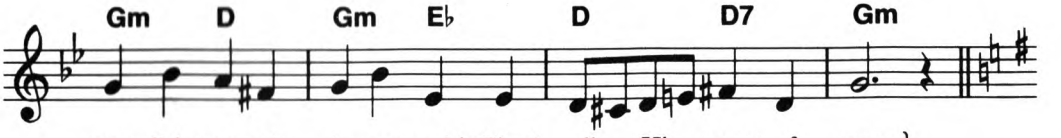
THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM

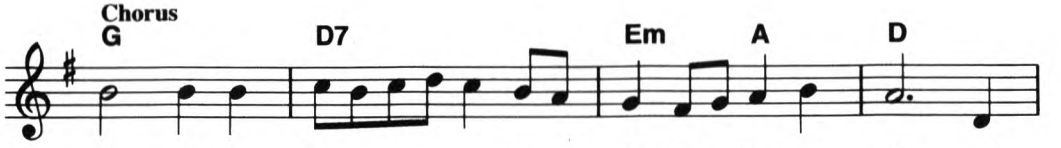
TRUMPET
BRILLIANT SOLO
NO RHYTHM



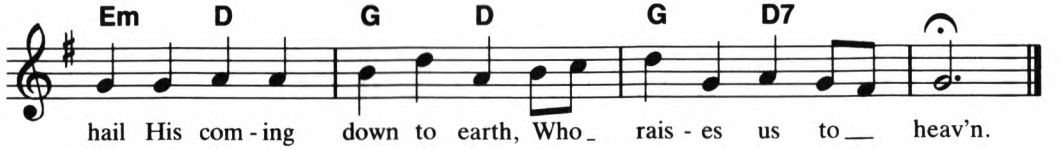
1. The Babe in Beth-l'hem's man-ger laid, In hum-ble form so low; By
2. A Sav-iour! sin - ners all a-round, Sing, shout the won-drous word; Let



won-d'ring an-gels is sur-vey'd Thro' all _ His _ scenes of woe.
ev - 'ry bo-som hail the sound, A Sav - iour _ Christ the Lord.



No - el, No - el _____ Now _ sing, the _ Sav-iour giv'n, All



hail His com - ing down to earth, Who _ rais - es us to _ heav'n.

3. For not to sit on David's throne
With worldly pomp and joy,
He came for sinners to atone
And Satan to destroy.
Chorus

4. Well may we sing a Saviour's birth,
Who need the grace so given,
And hail His coming down to earth,
Who raises us to heaven.
Chorus

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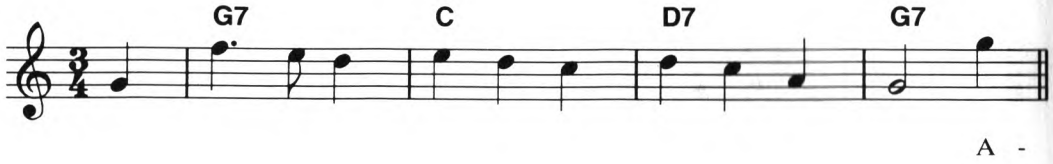
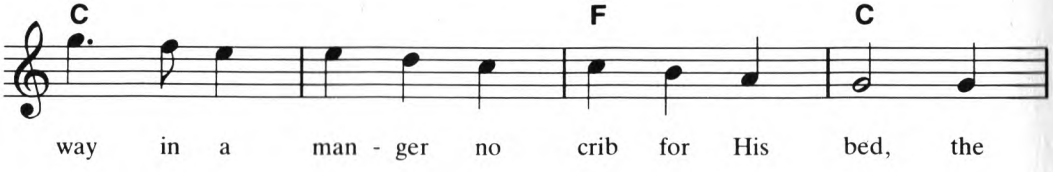
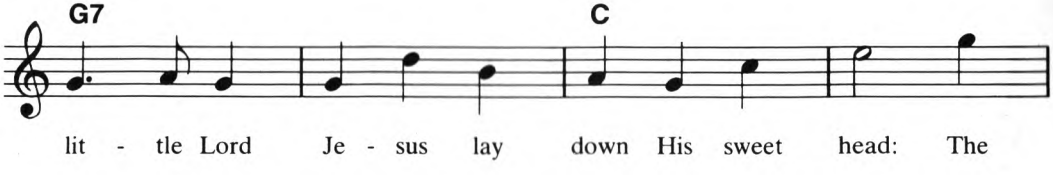
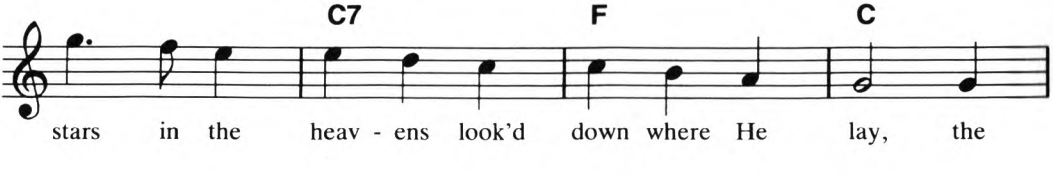
AWAY IN A MANGER

ORGAN or PIANO
CLASSICAL
Medium WALTZ or JAZZ WALTZ









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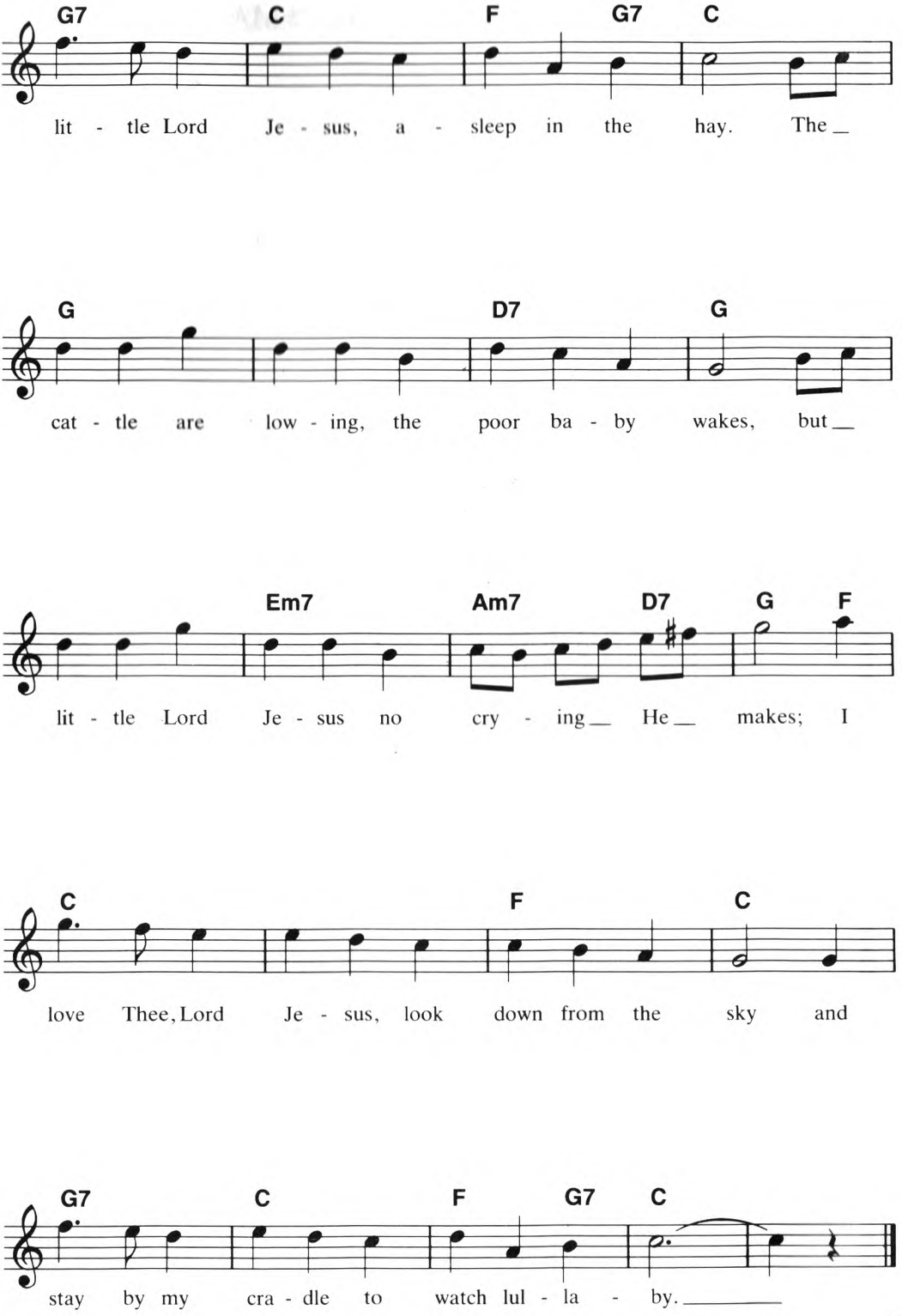
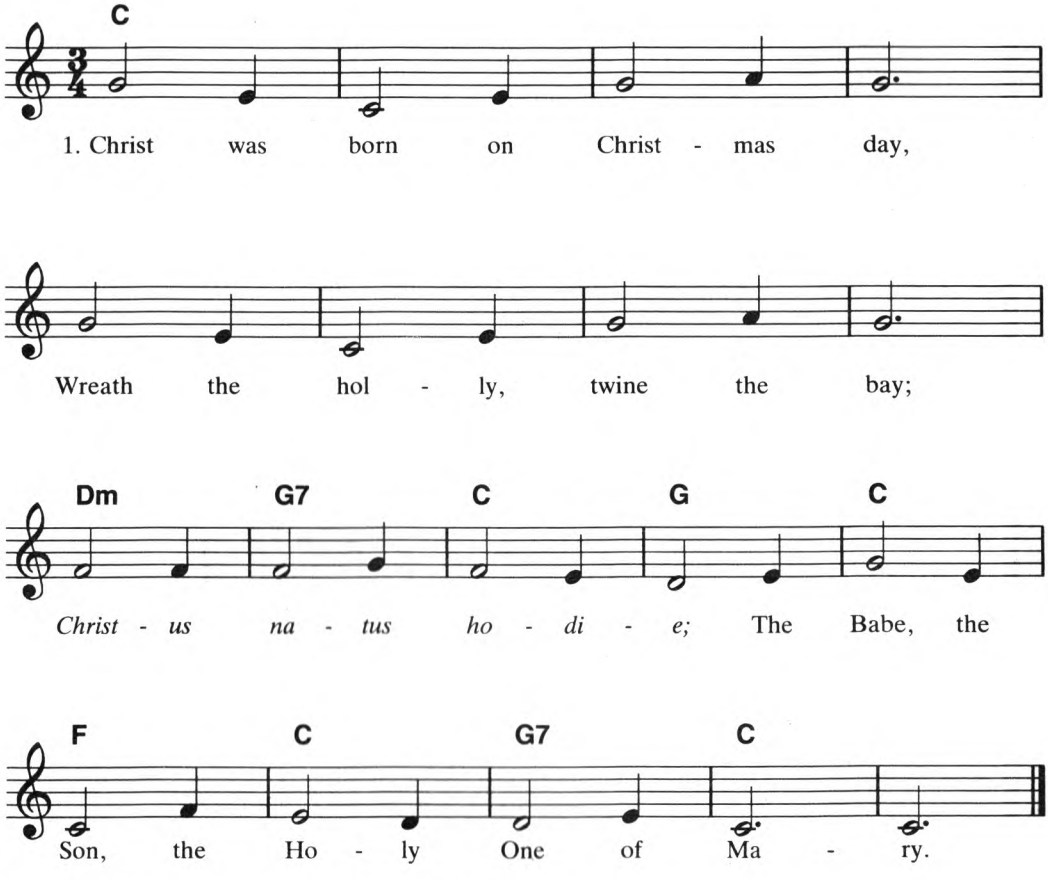

G7 C F G7 C
lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep in the hay. The
G D7 G
cat - tle are low - ing, the poor ba - by wakes, but
Em7 Am7 D7 G F
lit - tle Lord Je - sus no cry - ing He makes; I
C F C
love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky and
G7 C F G7 C
stay by my cra - dle to watch lul - la - by.

CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

TRUMPET
CLASSICAL
Medium WALTZ



2. He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine;
The God, the Lord, by all adored forever.

3. Let the bright red berries glow,
Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie;
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4. Christian men rejoice and
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine;
The God, the Lord, by all adored forever.

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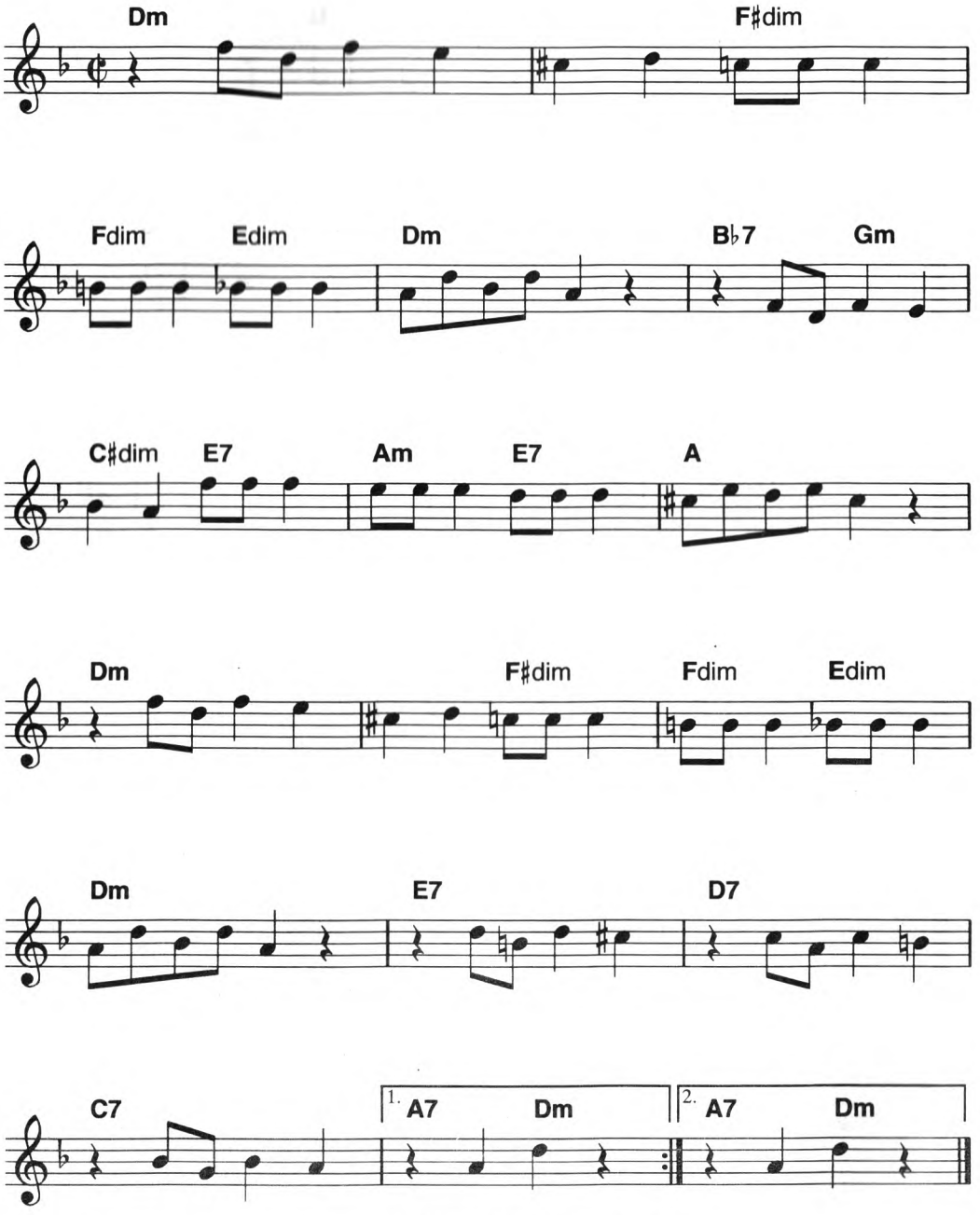
DANCE OF THE SUGAR-PLUM FAIRY

OBOE
BRILLIANT SOLO
Medium MARCH



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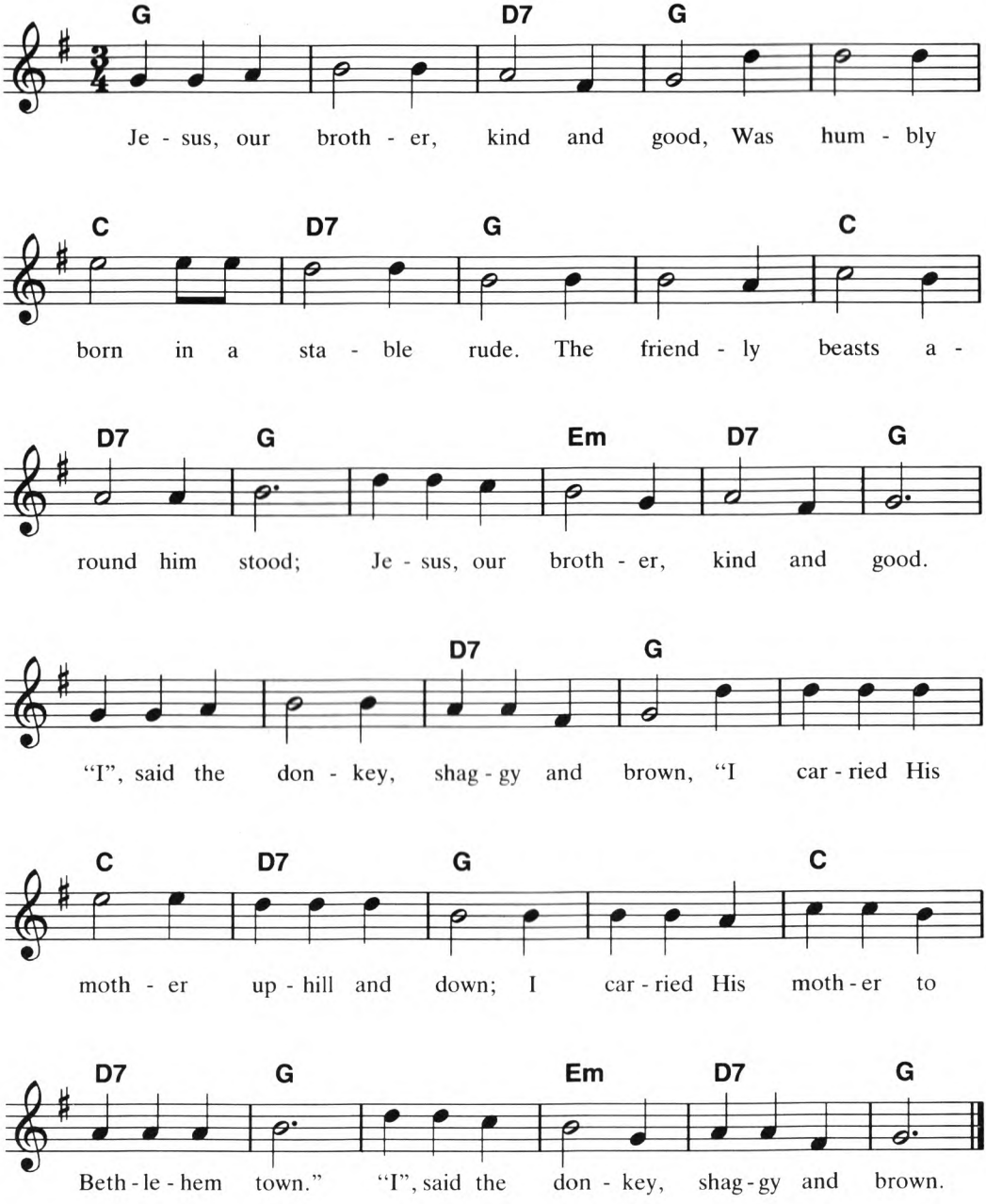
THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

SAXOPHONE
FULL 'N' MELLOW
Medium WALTZ



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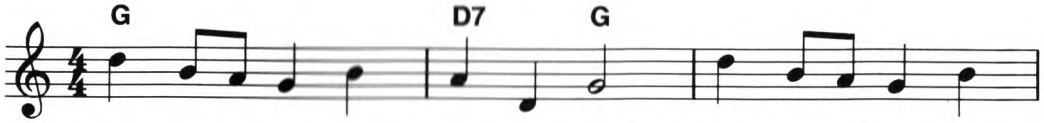
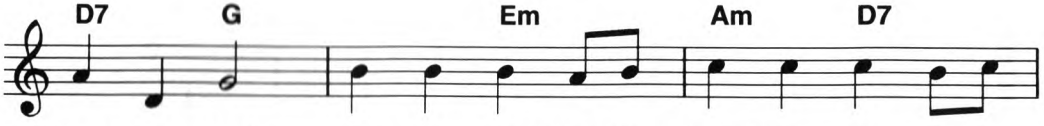
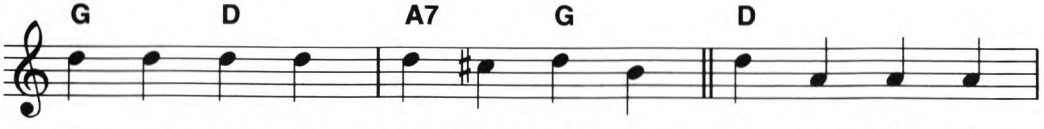
GATHER AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE



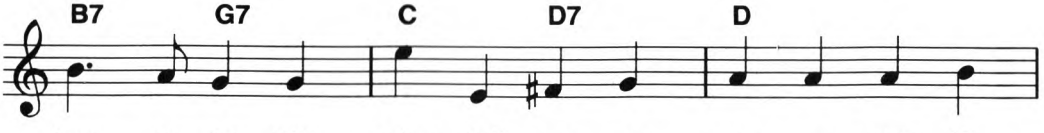
Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Gath - er a-round the



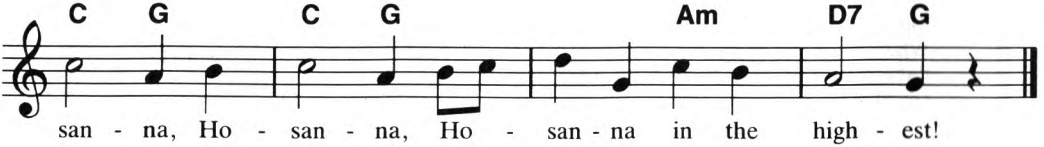
Christ-mas tree! Ev - er green have its branch-es been, It is



King of all the wood-land scene; For Christ, the King is



born to-day, His reign shall nev - er pass a - way. Ho -



san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san-na in the high - est!

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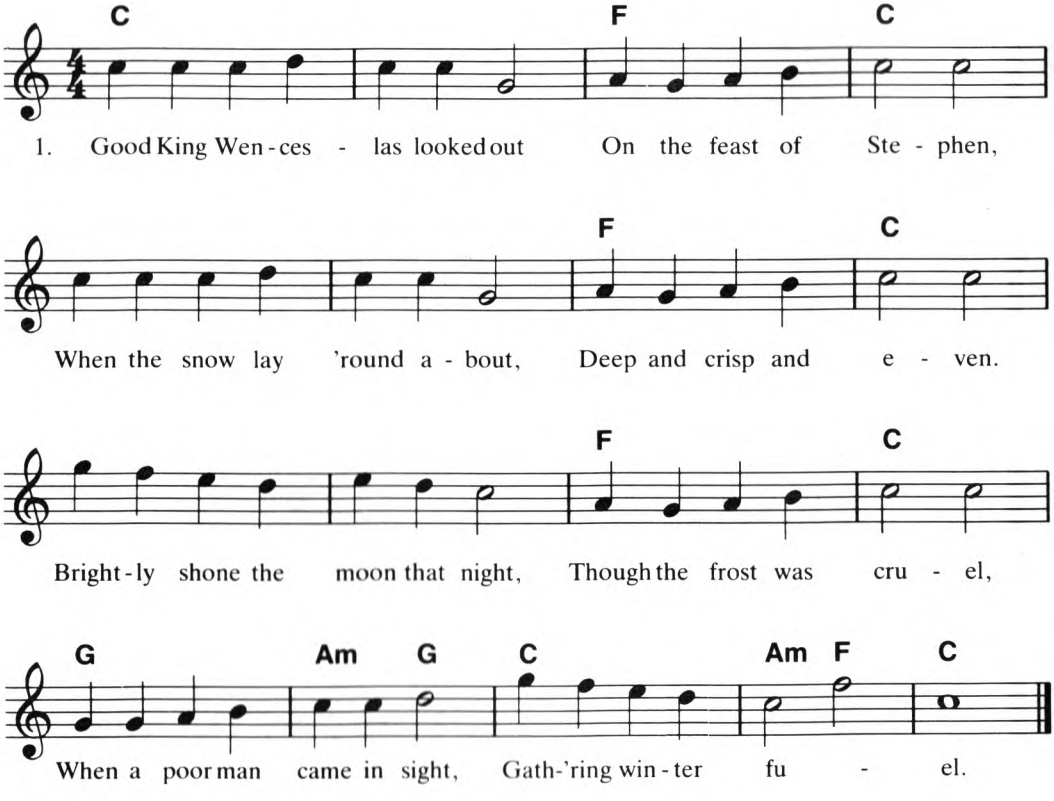
GOOD KING WENCESLAS
(England)

FLUTE
FULL 'N' MELLOW
Medium MARCH



2. "Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By St. Agnes' fountain."

3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4. "Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5. In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

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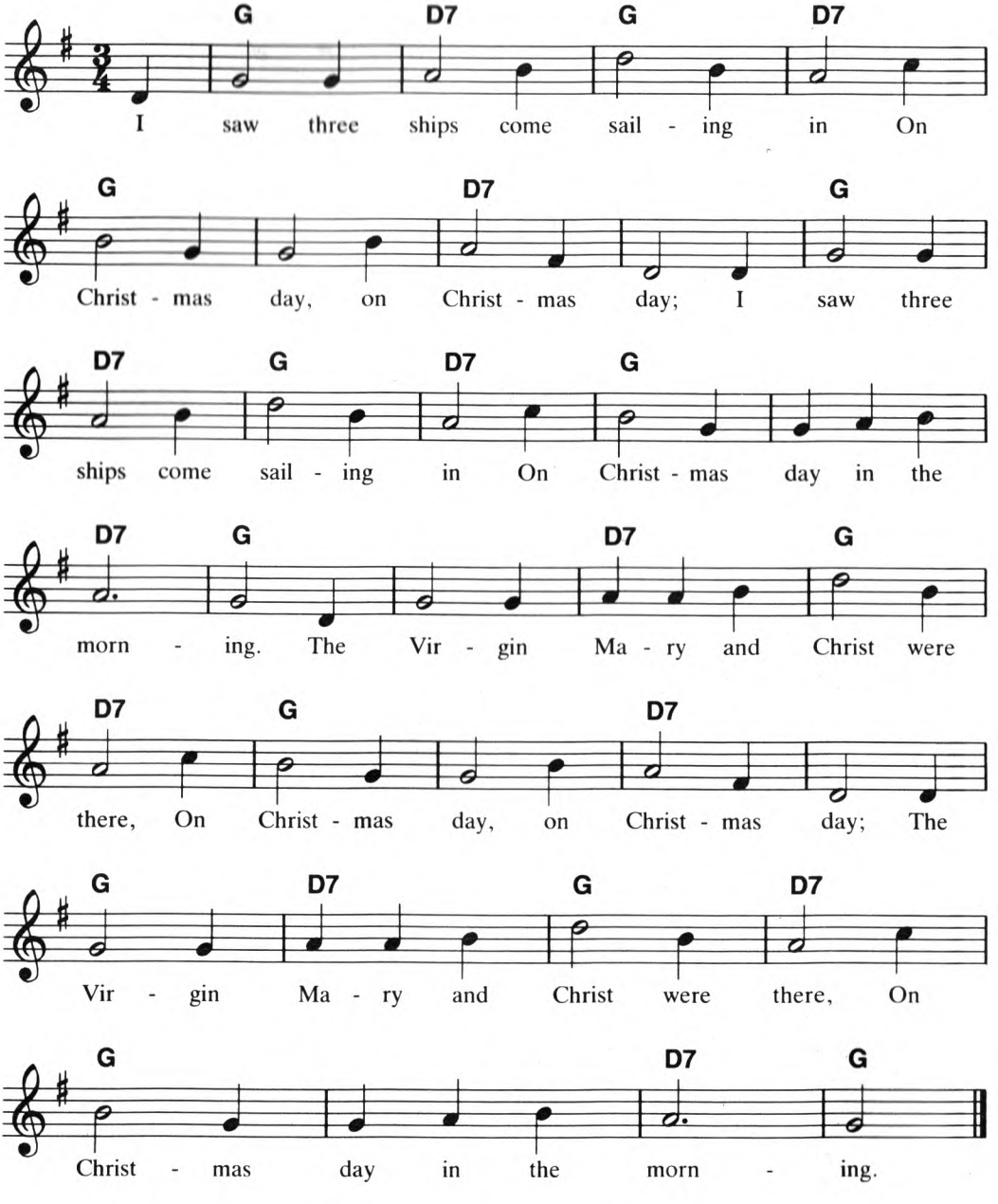
I SAW THREE SHIPS
(England)

SAXOPHONE
FULL 'N' MELLOW
Medium WALTZ



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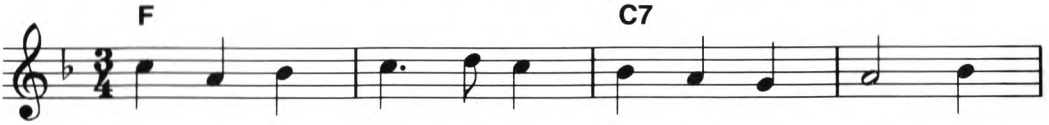
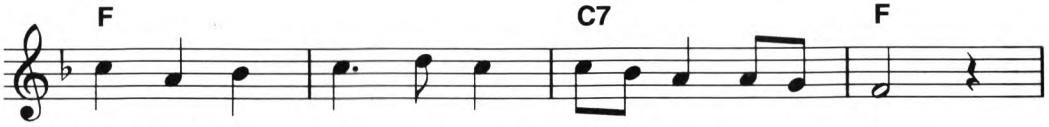
INFANT SO GENTLE

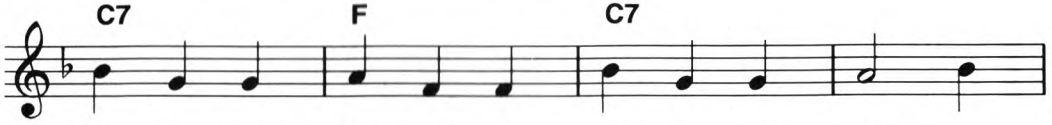
WOODWINDS
FULL 'N' MELLOW
Medium WALTZ



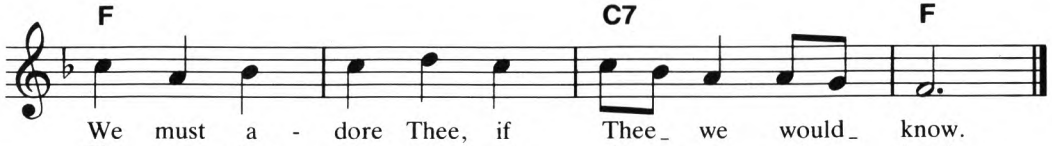
In - fant so gen - tle, so pure and so sweet, ___
In - fant so ho - ly, so meek and so mild, ___



Love from Thy ti - ny eyes sin - ners doth_ greet.
We come to wel - come Thee, out_ dear Christ - child.



Ten - d'rest words fail all Thy beau - ty to show, ___
We can - not tell Thee how much we do need ___



We must a - dore Thee, if Thee_ we would_ know.
Thy pre - cious pre - sence; all sin - ners take_ heed.

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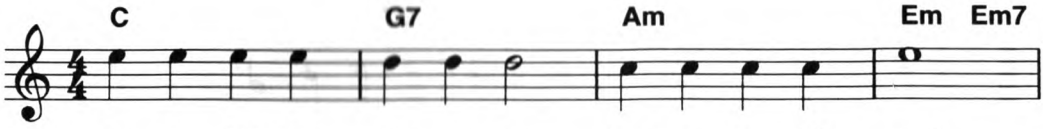
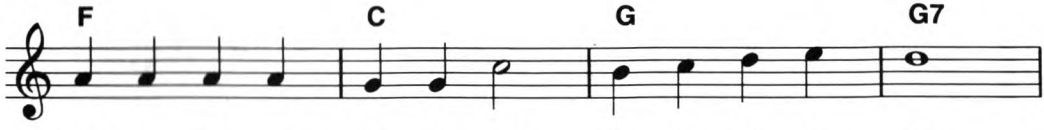
JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

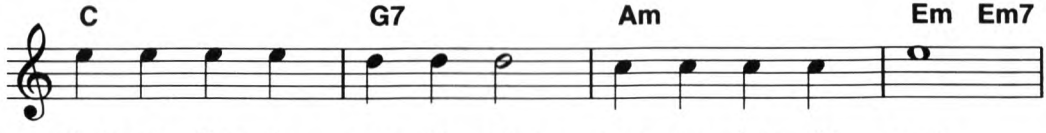
CLARINET or BRASS
BRILLIANT SOLO
Medium fast SWING



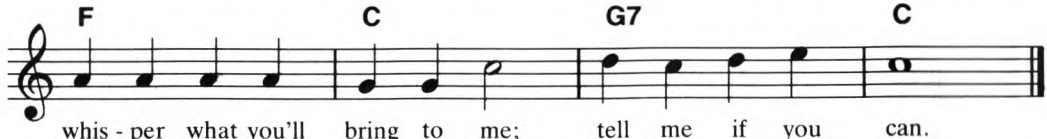
Jol - ly Old Saint Ni - cho - las, lean your ear this way!
When the clock is strik - ing twelve, when I'm fast a - sleep,



Don't you tell a sin - gle soul what I'm going to say;
Down the chim - ney broad and black with your pack you'll creep;



Christ-mas Eve is com - ing soon; now you dear old man,
All the stock - ings you will find hang - ing in a row,



whis - per what you'll bring to me; tell me if you can.
Mine will be the short - est one, you'll be sure to know.

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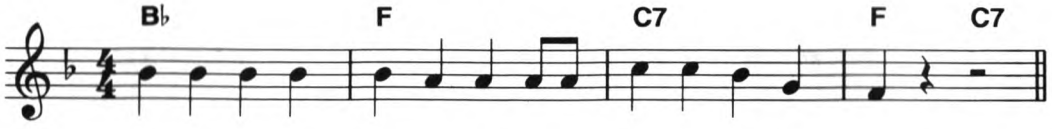
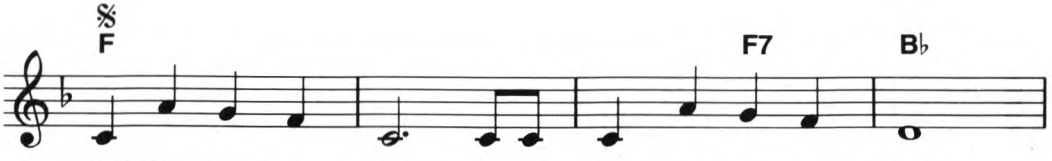
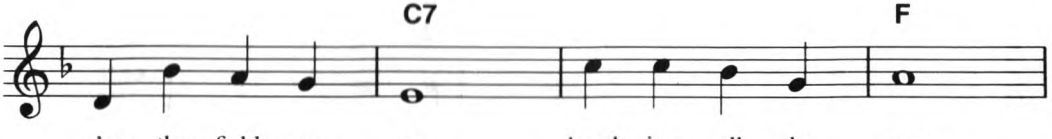
JINGLE BELLS

TRUMPET or FLUTE
BRIGHT 'N' BRASSY
Medium fast SWING

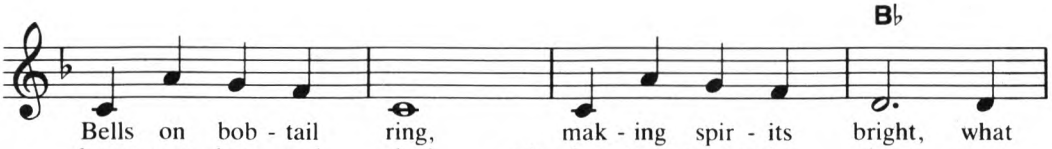




Dash - ing through the snow, in a one horse o - pen sleigh
day or two a - go, I___ thought I'd take a ride and



o'er the fields we go, laugh - ing all the way;
soon Miss Fan - ny Brice was seat - ed by my side; the



Bells on bob - tail ring, mak - ing spir - its bright, what
horse was lean and lank, mis - for - tune seemed its lot, we

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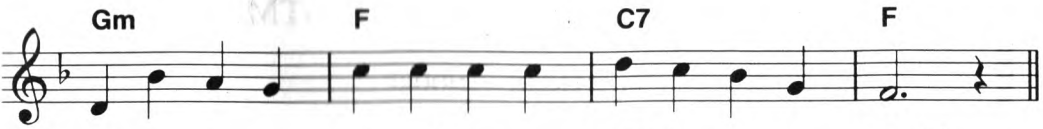
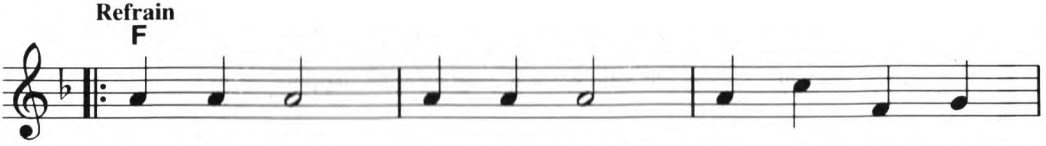
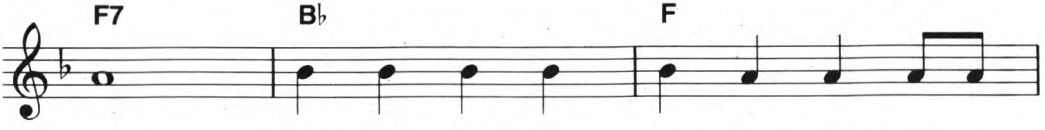


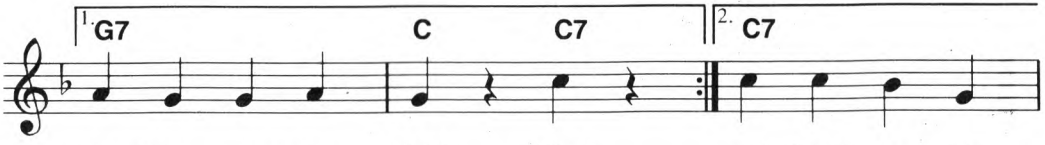
fun it is to ride and sing a sleigh-ing song to - night!
got in - to a drift - ed bank and we, we got up - sot!



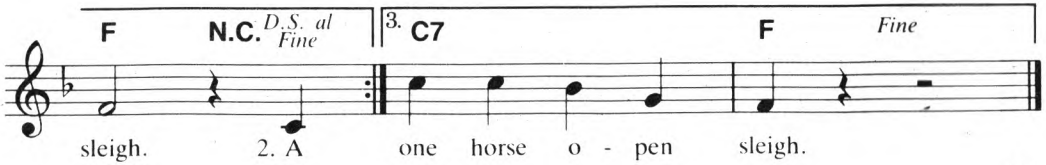
Jin - gle Bells! Jin - gle Bells! Jin - gle all the



way. Oh what fun it is to ride in a



one horse o - pen sleigh, Hey! one horse o - pen



sleigh. 2. A one horse o - pen sleigh.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By CLEMENT C. MOORE

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;

When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles the coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away! dash away all!

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a round little belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlfull of jelly.

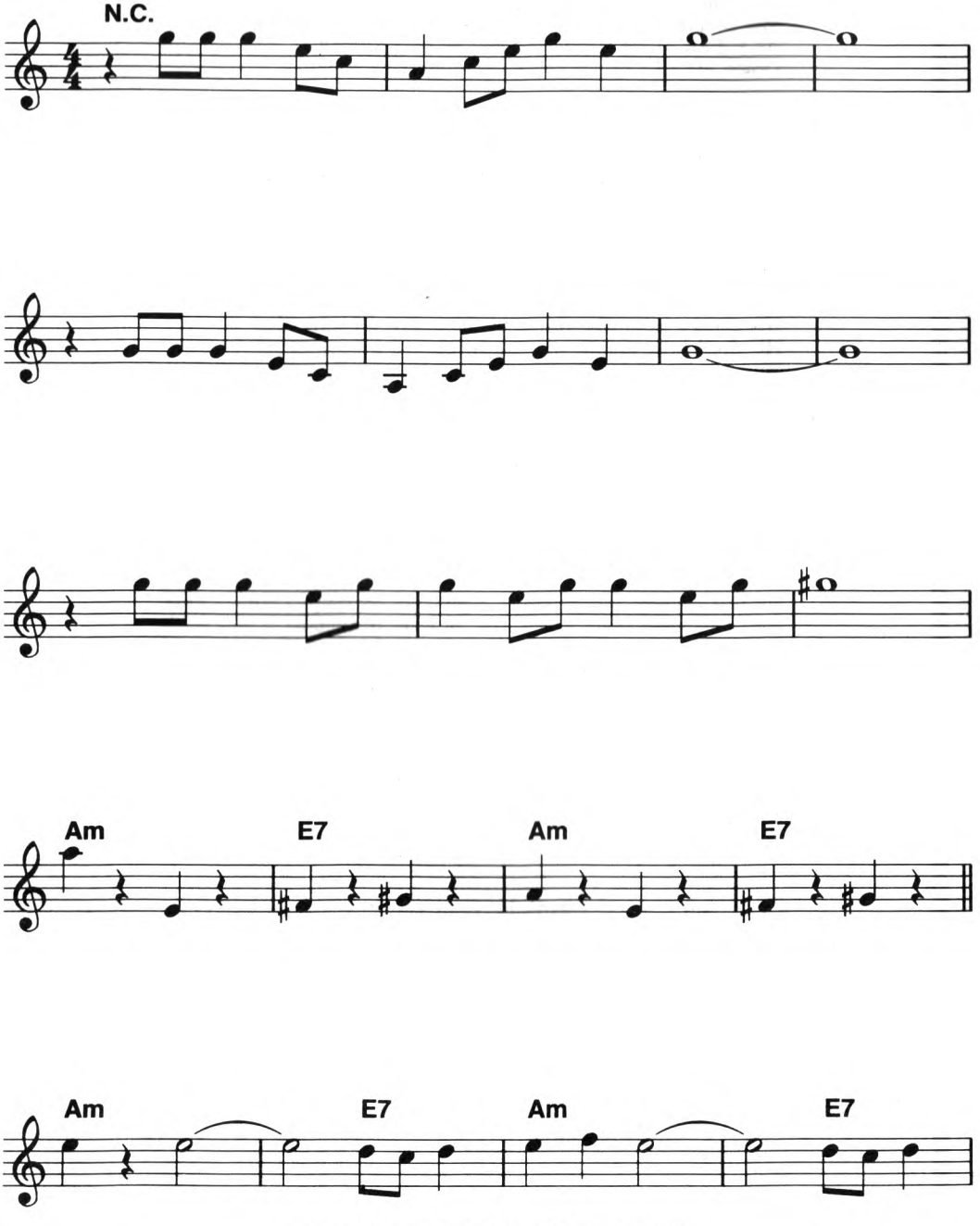
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all fled, like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out a sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a Good-night!"

MARCH OF THE TOYS

TRUMPET
BRIGHT 'N' BRASSY
Medium MARCH



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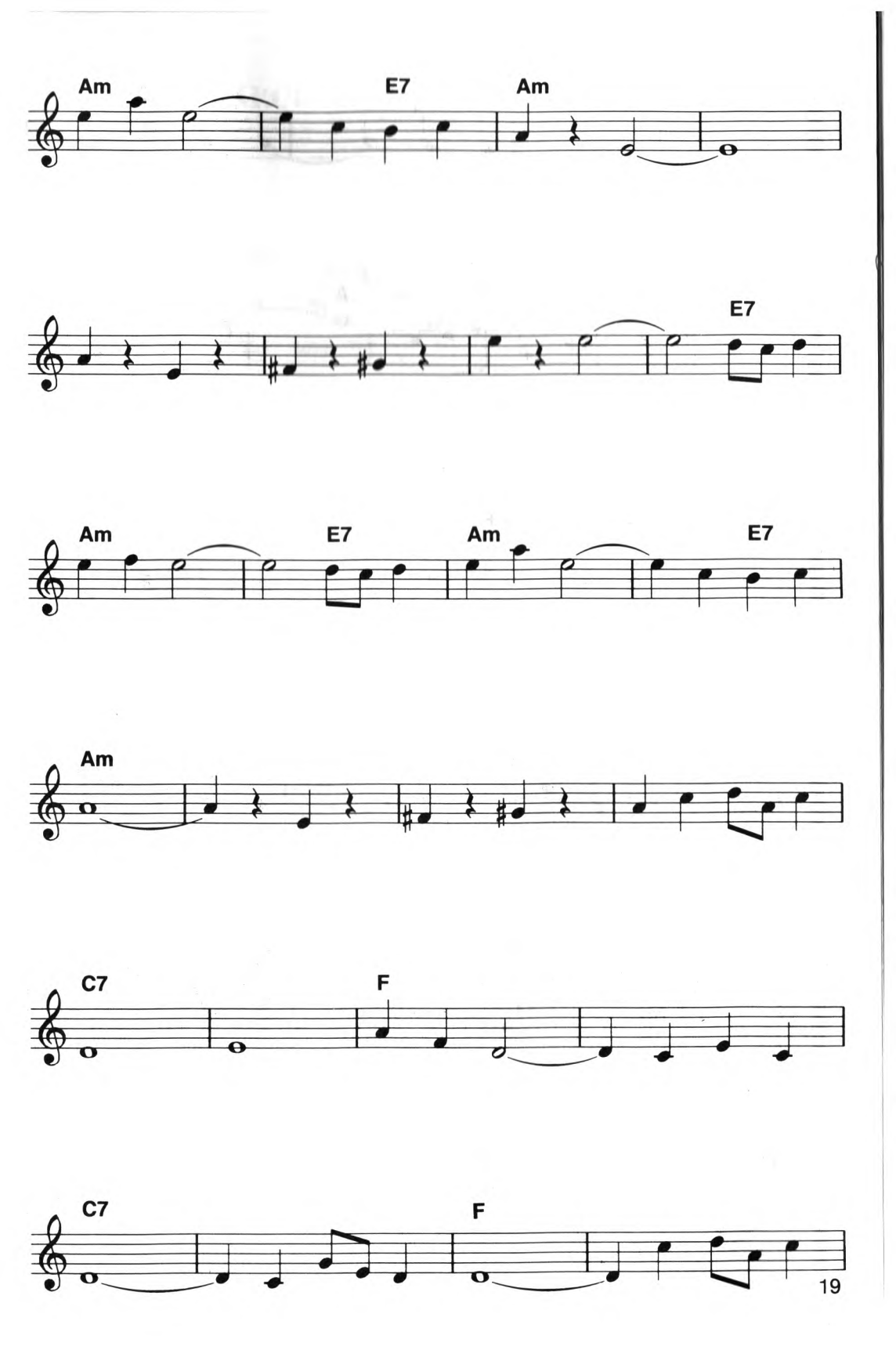
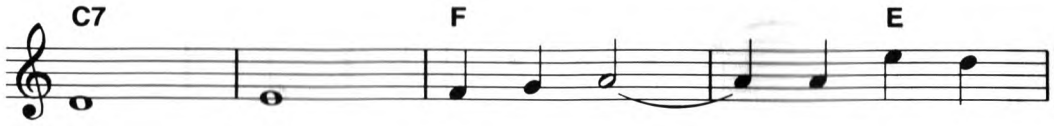
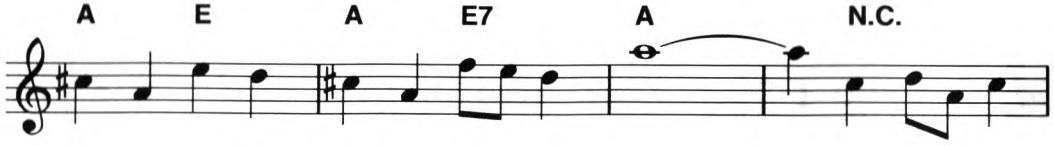
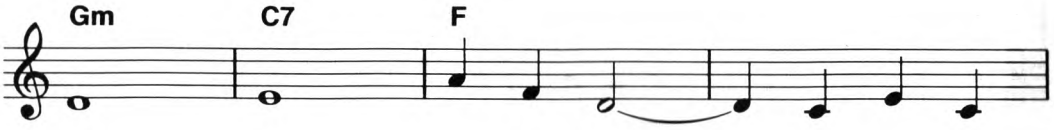
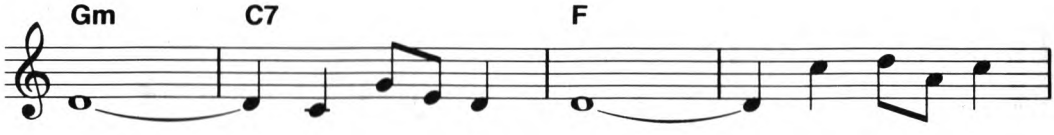
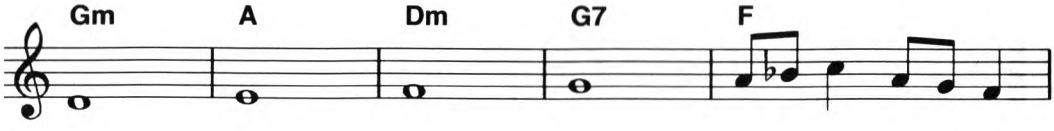

Am
E7
Am
E7
Am
E7
Am
E7
Am
C7
F
C7
F

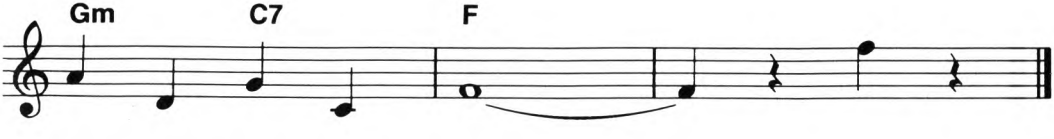

C7
F
E


A
E
A
E7
A
N.C.


Gm
C7
F

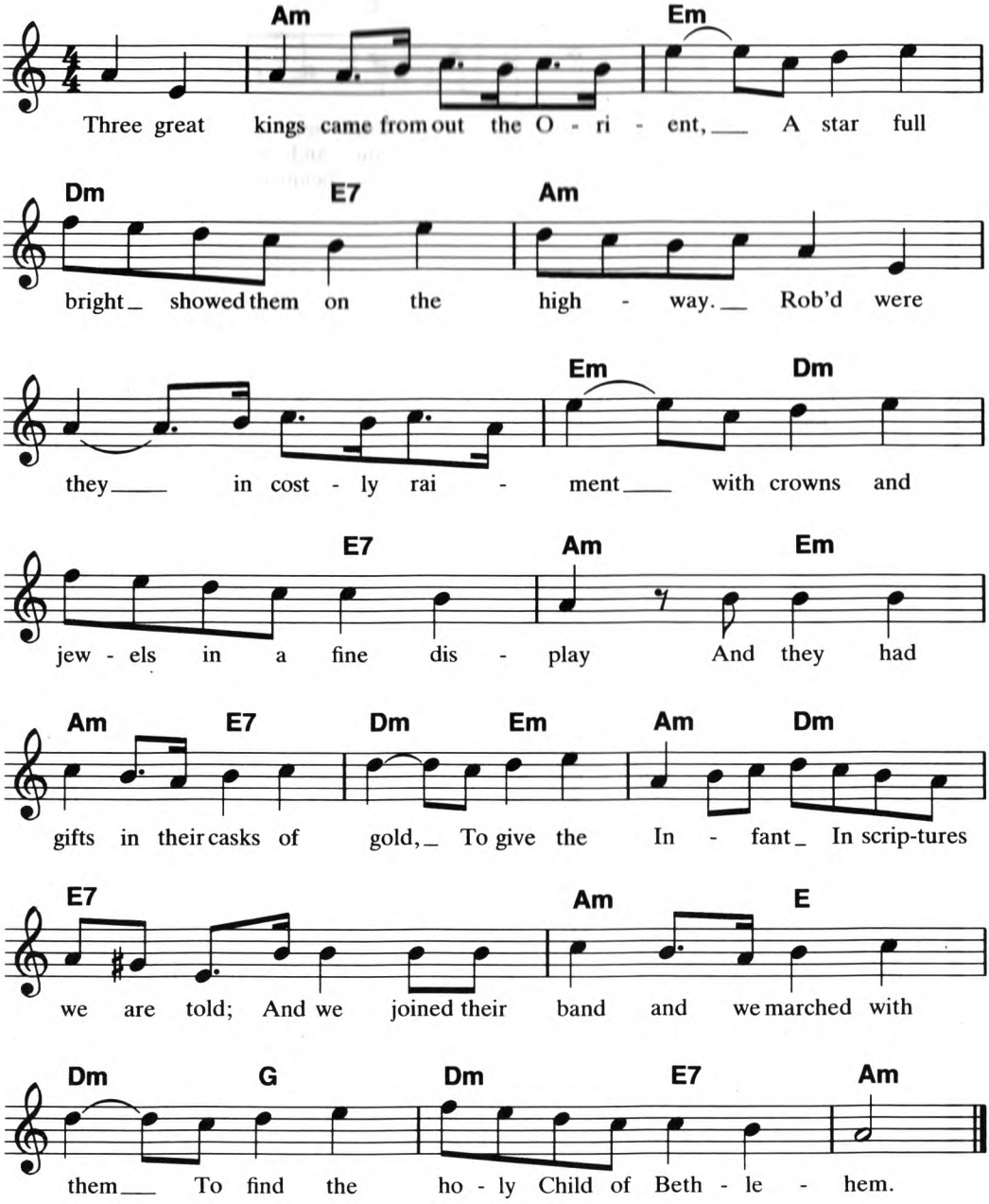

Gm
C7
F


Gm
A
Dm
G7
F


Gm
C7
F

MARCH OF THE THREE KINGS

ORGAN
FULL 'N' BRILLIANT
NO RHYTHM



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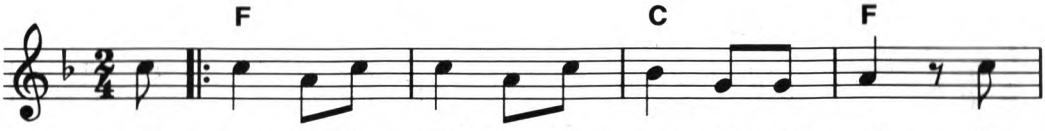
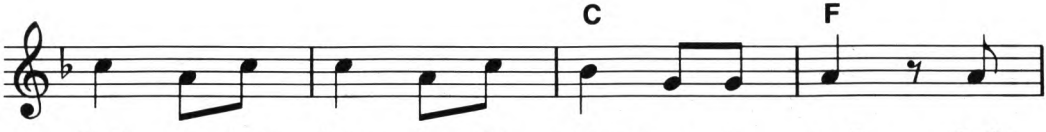
O COME, LITTLE CHILDREN

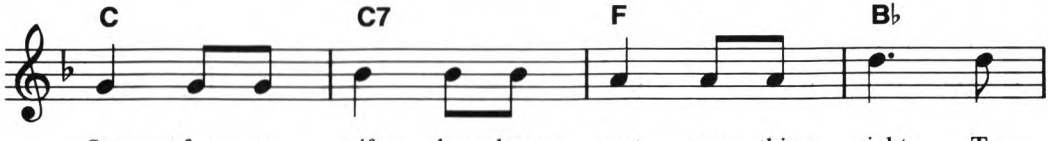
ORGAN
CLASSICAL
Medium MARCH



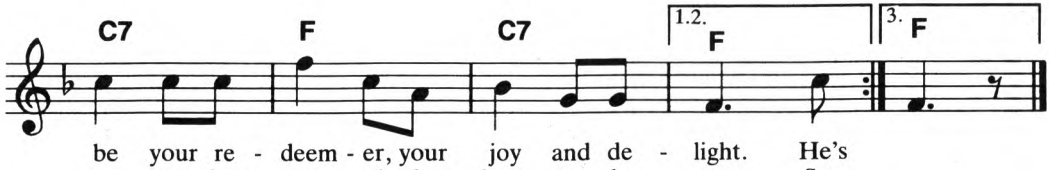
O come, lit - tle chil - dren, O come one and all, To
born in a sta - ble for you and for me, Draw
Ma - ry and Jo - seph with love beam-ing eyes Are



Beth - le - hem haste, to the man - ger so small, God's
near by the bright gleam-ing Star - light to see, In
gaz - ing up - on the rude bed where he lies, The



Son for a gift has been sent you this night To
swad - dling clothes ly - ing so meek and so mild, And
shep - herds are kneel - ing, with hearts full of love, While



be your re - deem - er, your joy and de - light. He's
pur - er than an - gels the heav - en - ly child. See
an - gels sing loud hal - le - lu - jahs a - bove.

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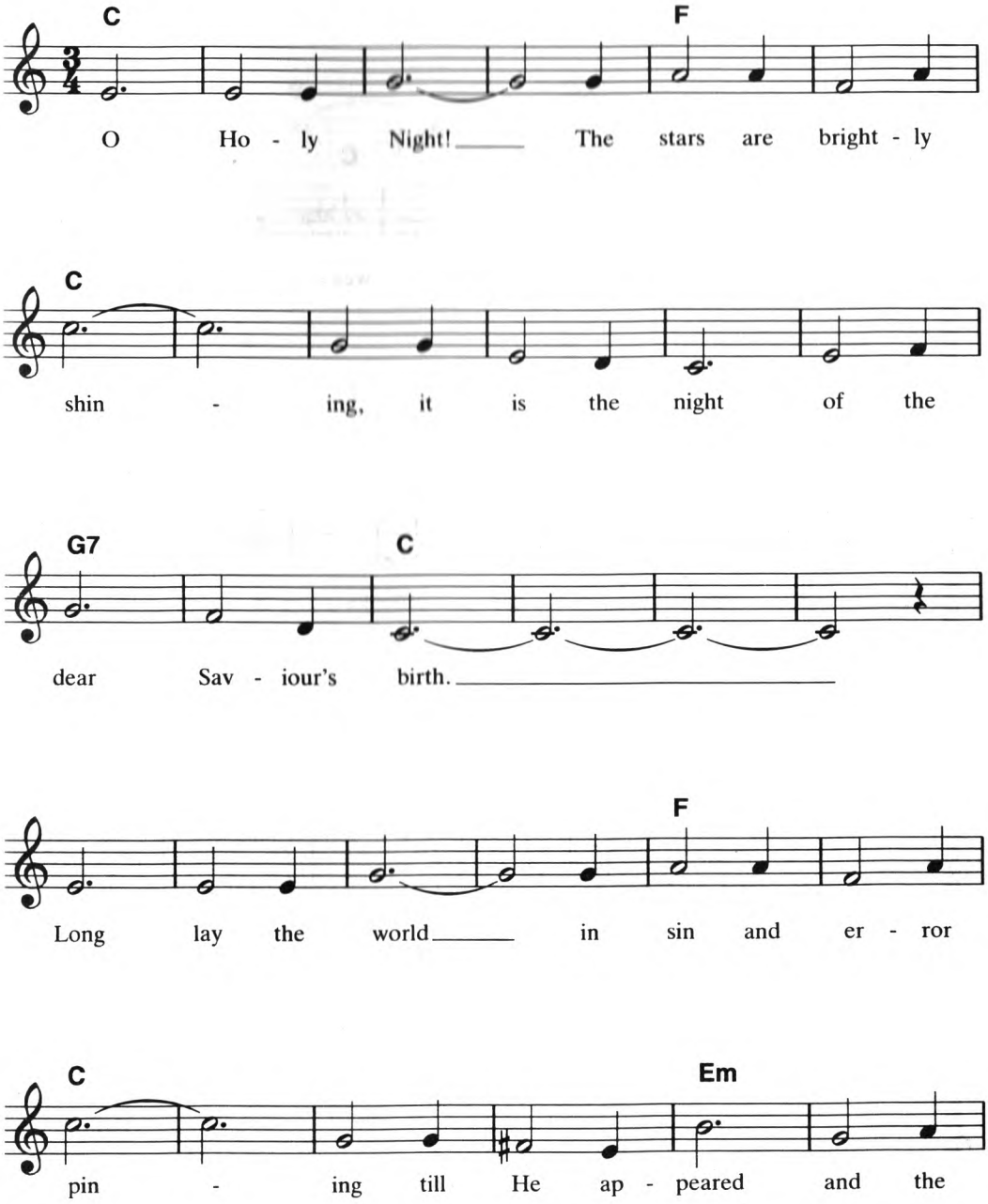
O HOLY NIGHT

FLUTE
FULL'N' MELLOW
Medium WALTZ



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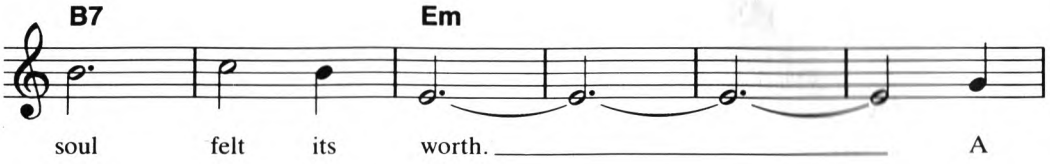
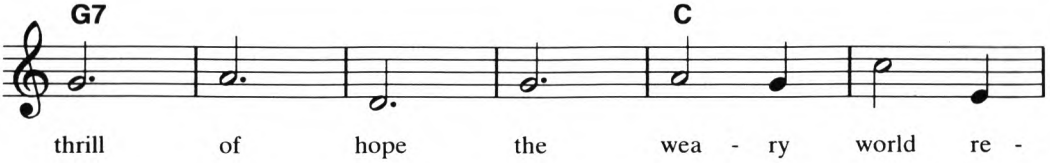
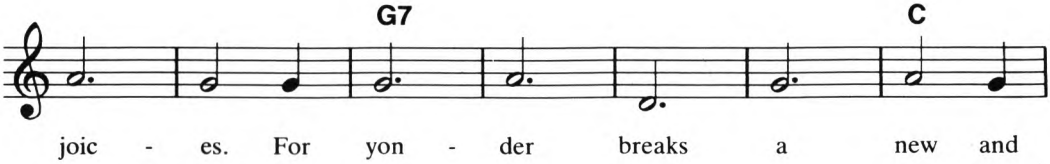
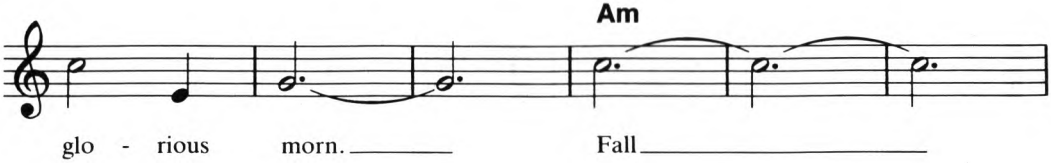
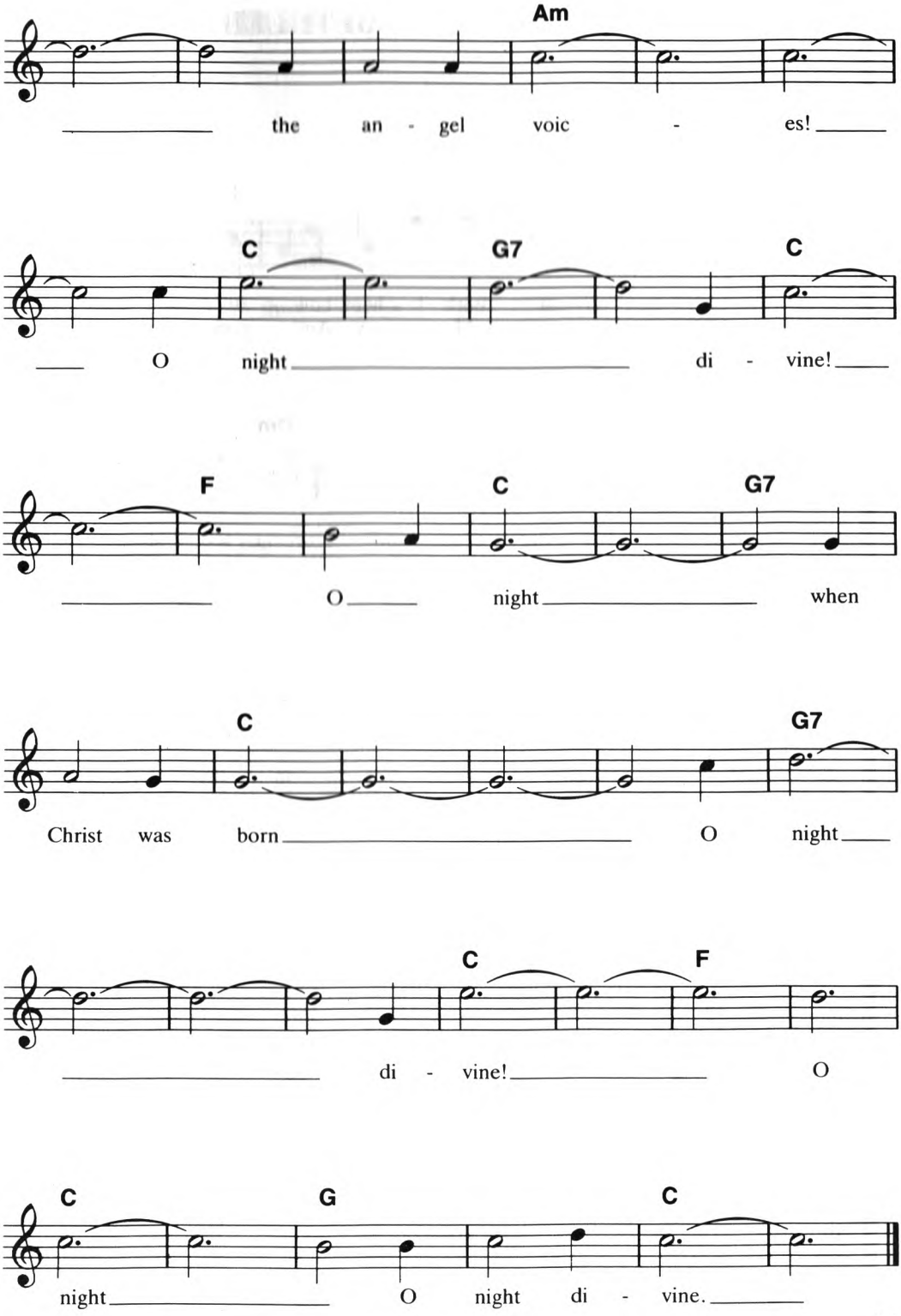

B7
Em
soul felt its worth. A


G7
C
thrill of hope the wea - ry world re -


G7
C
joic - es. For yon - der breaks a new and

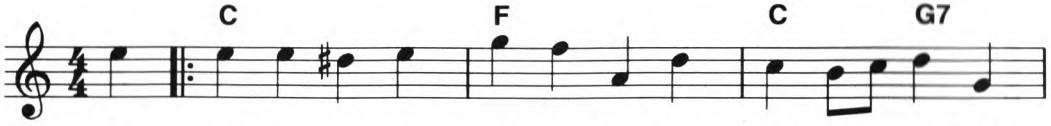

Am
glo - rious morn. Fall

Em
Dm
on your knees! O hear

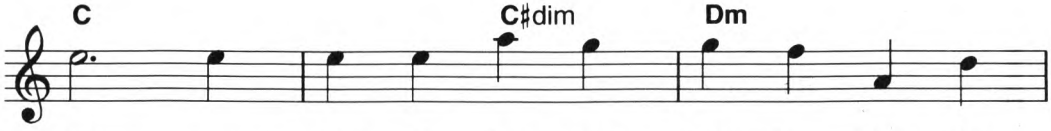

Am
the an - gel voic - es!
C G7 C
O night di - vine!
F C G7
O night when
C G7
Christ was born O night
C F
di - vine! O
C G C
night O night di - vine.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

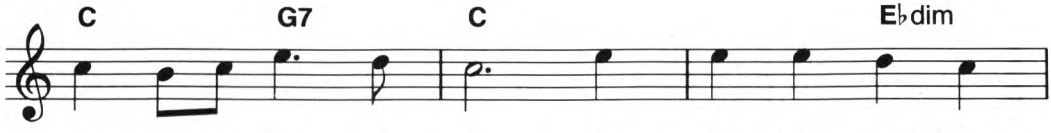
VIOLIN or FLUTE
SOFT SOLO
Slow SWING



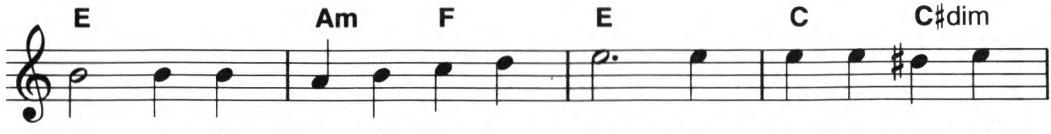
O Lit - tle Town of Beth - le - hem, how still we_ see thee
Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered_ all a -



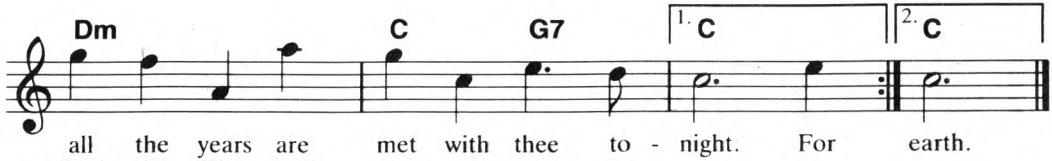
lie; a - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep the
bove, while mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep their



si - lent_ stars go by. Yet in thy dark street
watch of_ won - dering love. O morn - ing stars to -



shin - eth the ev - er - last - ing light; the hopes and fears of
geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to



all the years are met with thee to - night. For earth.
God the King, And peace to men on

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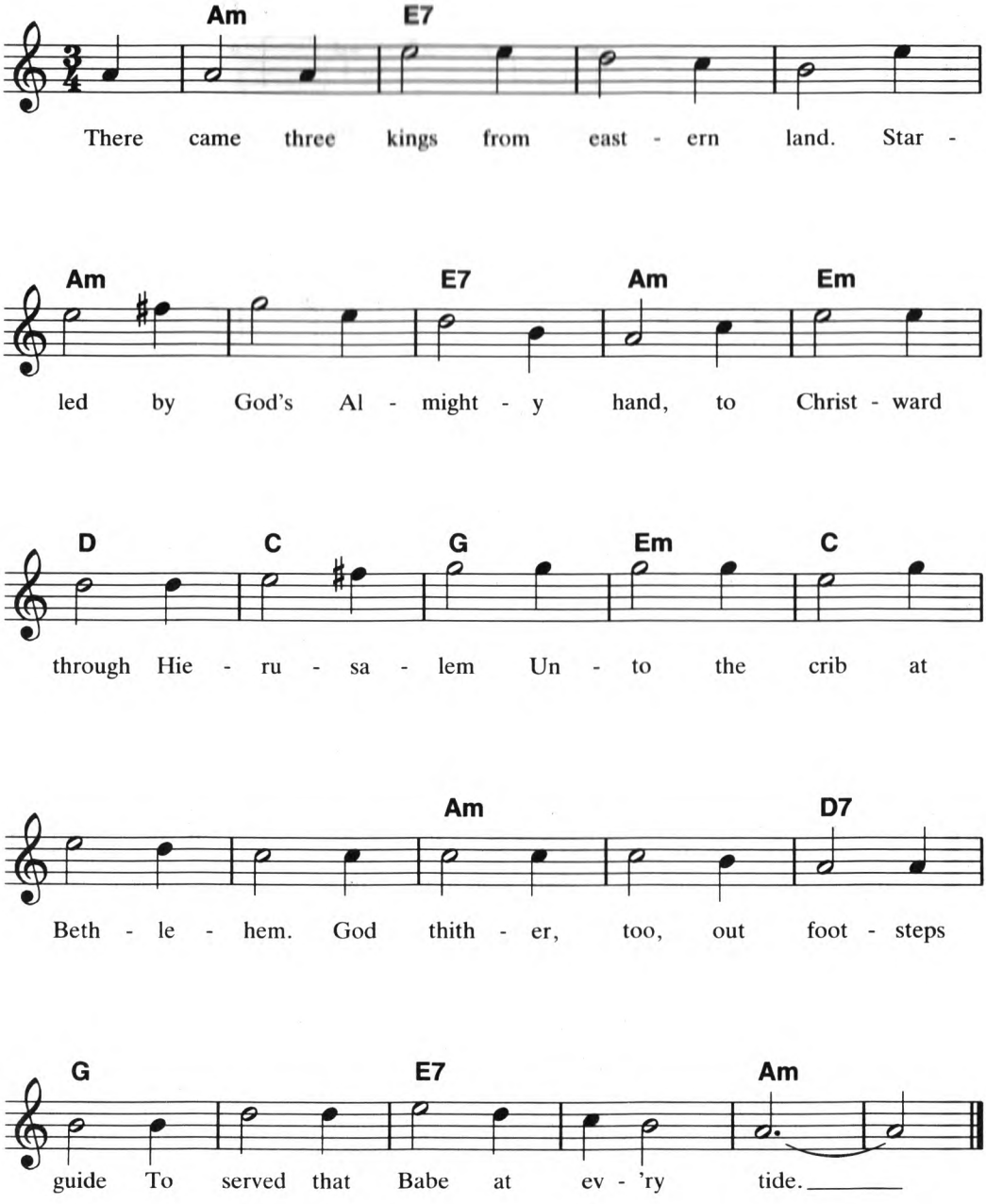
THERE CAME THREE KINGS

CLARINET
SOFT SOLO
Slow WALTZ



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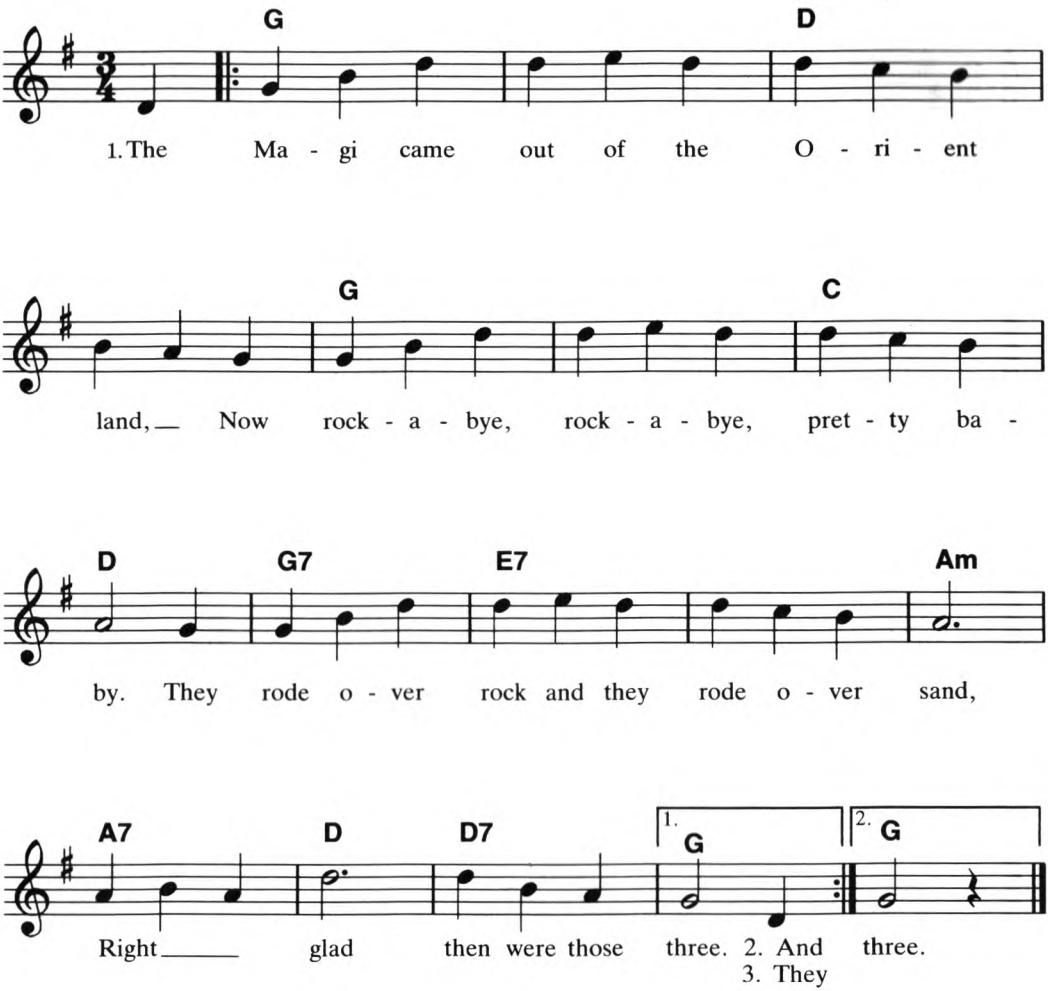
THE THREE KINGS SONG

WOODWINDS
CLASSICAL
Medium WALTZ



2. And as they went riding, a star went before,
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby.
The form of a glorious infant it bore,
Right glad then were those three.

3. They came to the stable at Bethlehem town,
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby.
They poured out their treasures and lowly knelt down,
Right glad then were those three.

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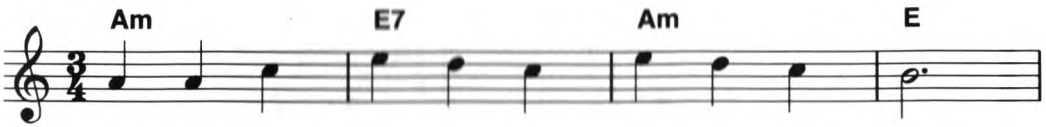
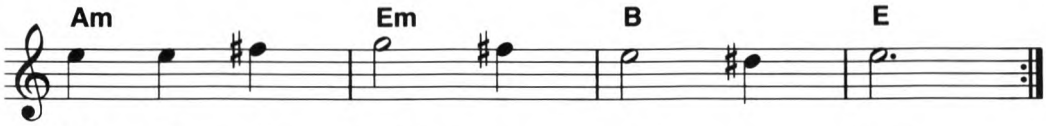
TO US IS BORN A LITTLE CHILD

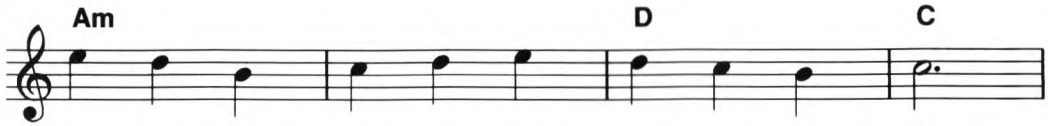
WOODWINDS
SOFT SOLO
Medium WALTZ



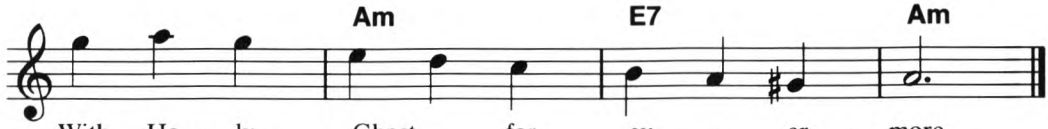
To us is born a lit - tle child,
Whom an - gels laud with ser - vice sweet,



Of Ma - ry maid - en moth - er mild;
Let us, His own poor ser - vants greet.



And there - fore, Fath - er Son a - dore,



With Ho - ly Ghost for ev - er - more.

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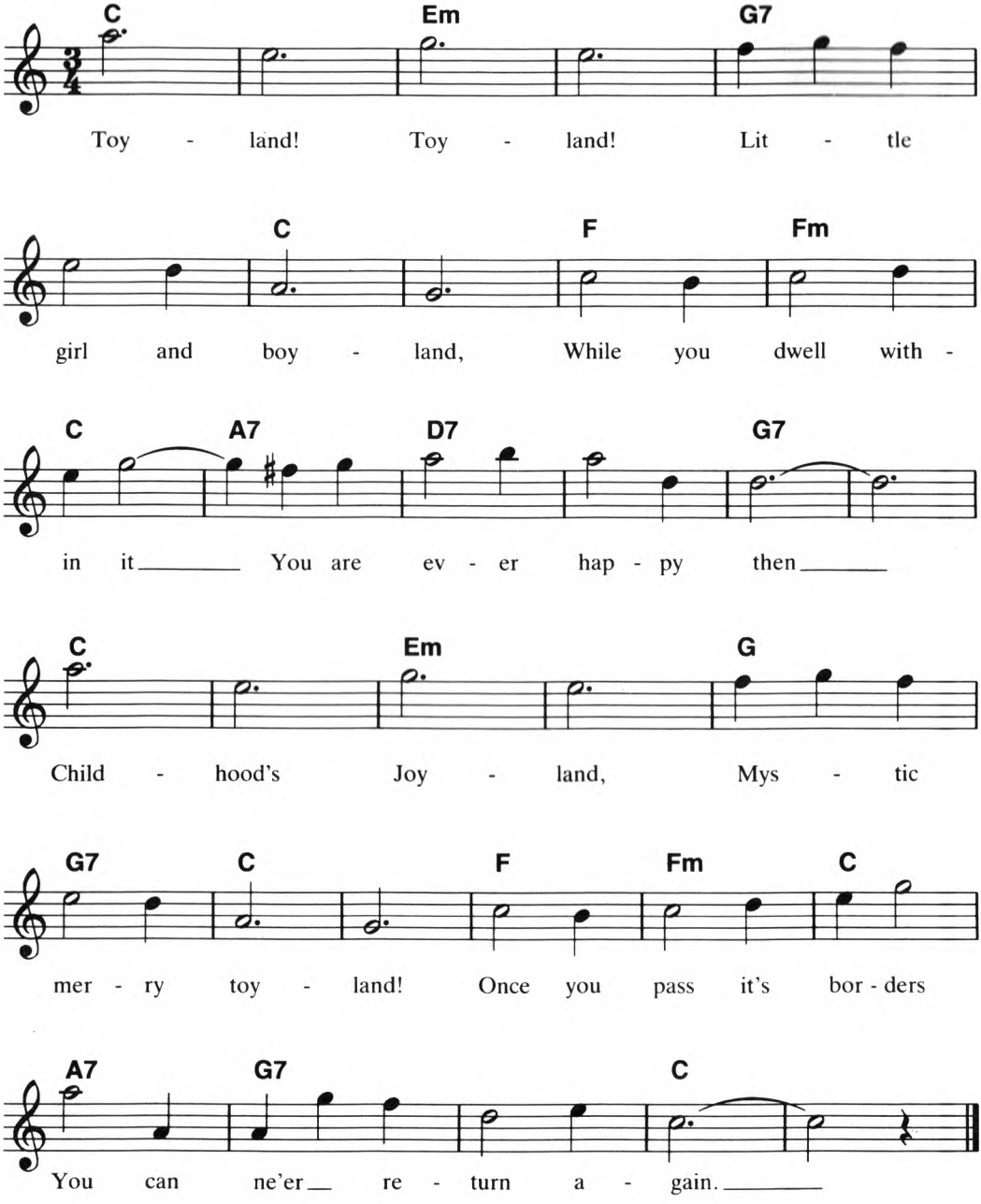
TOYLAND

TRUMPET
BRIGHT 'N' BRASSY
Medium Fast WALTZ



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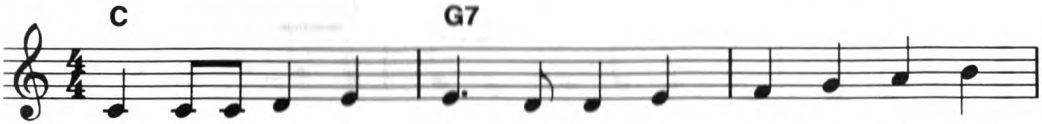
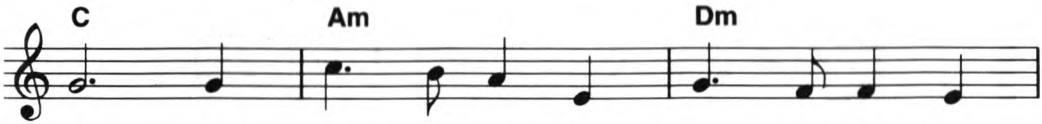
'TWAS IN THE WINTER COLD

CLARINET
SOFT SOLO
Medium SWING

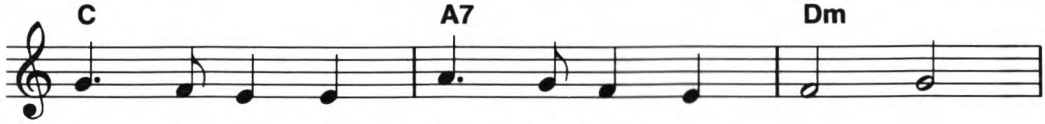


'Twas in the win - ter cold when earth Was des - o - late and
Then in the man - ger the poor beast Was pres - ent with his

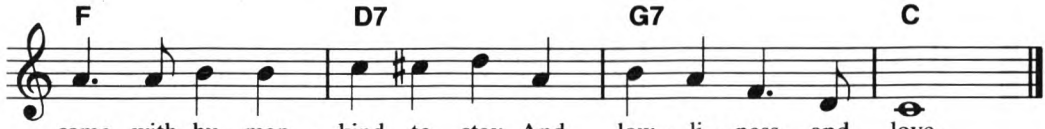


wild, That an - gels wel - comed at His birth The
Lord; Then swains and pil - grims from the East Saw,

ev - er - last - ing child. From realms of ev - er -
won - dered and a - dored. And I this morn would



bright - 'ning day And from His throne a - bove He
come with them This bless - ed sight to see, And



came, with hu - man - kind to stay, And low - li - ness and love.
to the babe of Beth - le - hem Bend low the rev - 'rent knee.

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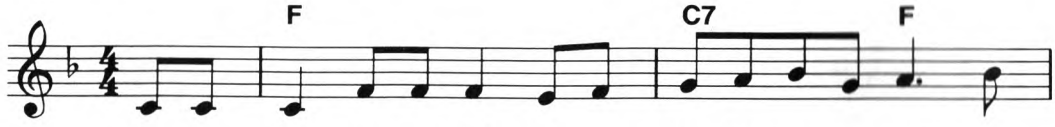
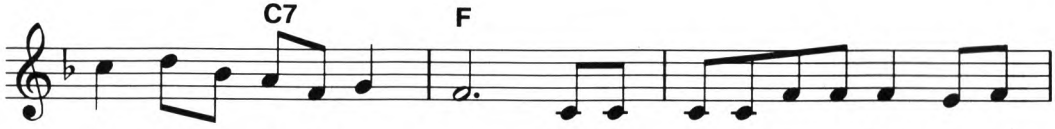
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

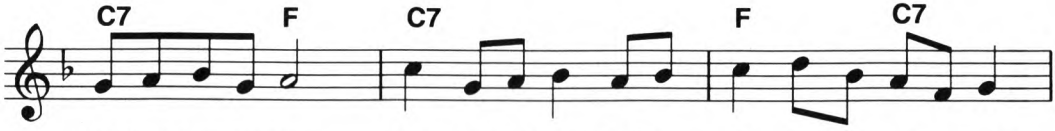
TRUMPET
BRILLIANT SOLO
NO RHYTHM



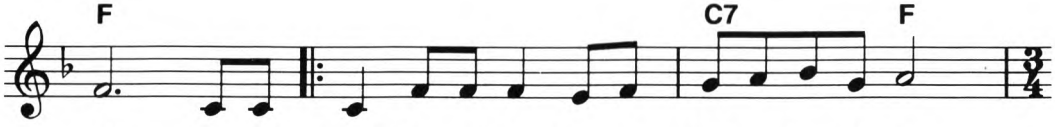
On the first day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me, a



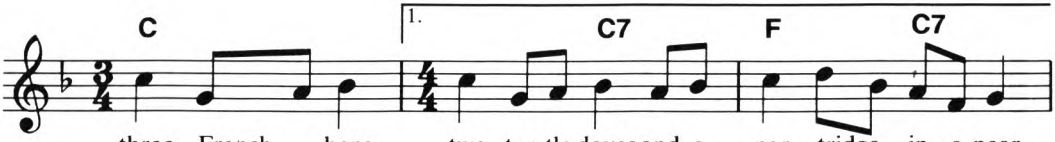
par - tridge_ in a pear tree. On the sec-ond day of Christ-mas my



true love gave to me, two tur-tle doves and a par - tridge_ in a pear



tree. On the third day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me,
fourth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me,



three French___ hens, two tur-tle doves and a par - tridge_ in a pear
four mock - ing birds,

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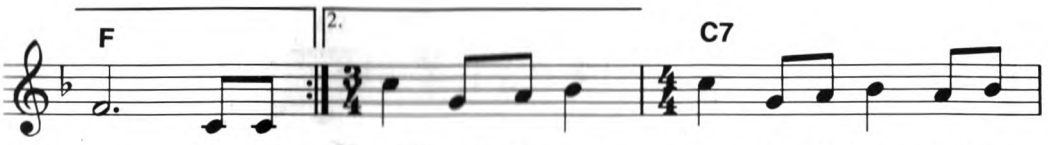
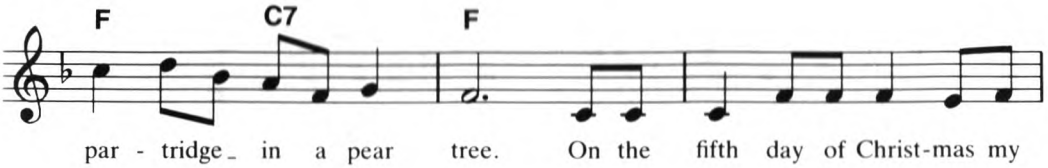
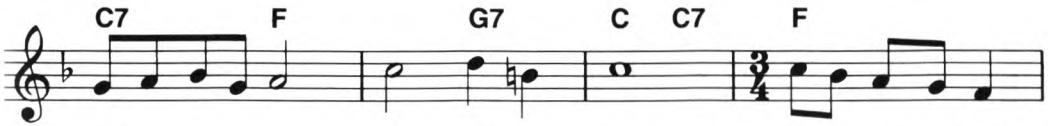
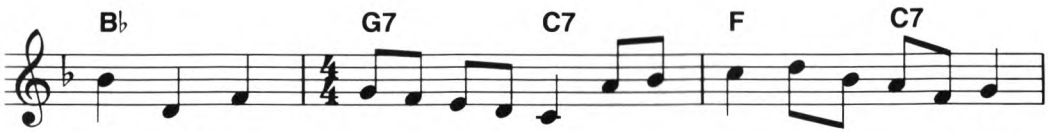
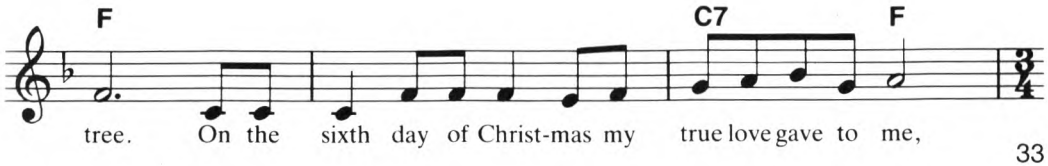
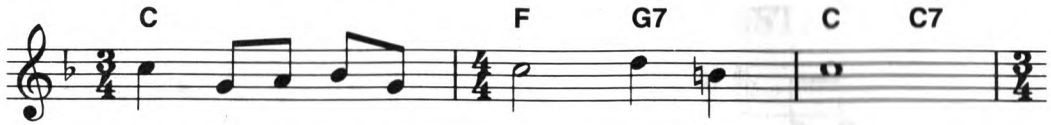

F
2.
C7
tree. On the three French hens, two tur - tle doves and a


F
C7
F
par - tridge in a pear tree. On the fifth day of Christ-mas my

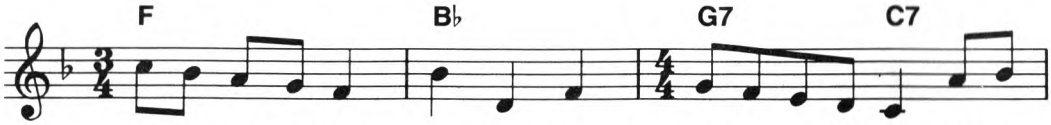

C7
F
G7
C
C7
F
true love gave to me, five gold - en rings; four mock-ing birds,


B♭
G7
C7
F
C7
three French hens, two tur - tle doves and a par - tridge in a pear

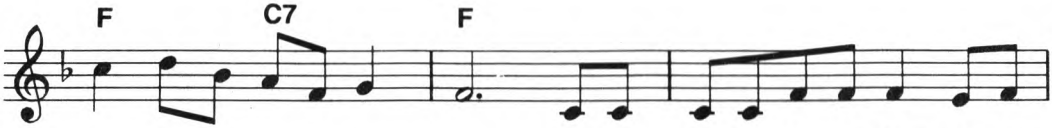

F
C7
F
tree. On the sixth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me,



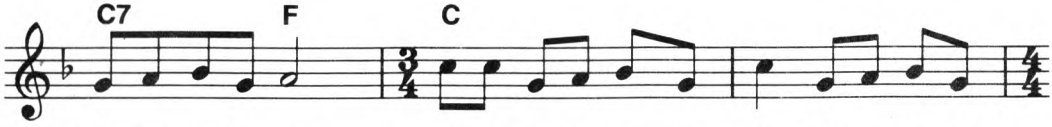
six geese a - lay - ing five gold - en rings;



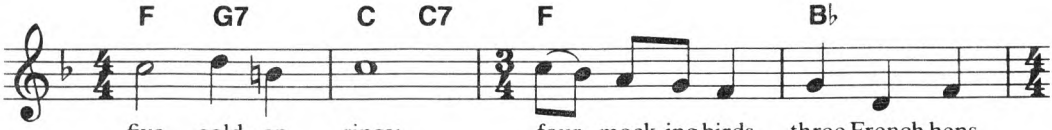
four _ mock-ing birds, three French hens, two _ tur - tle doves and a



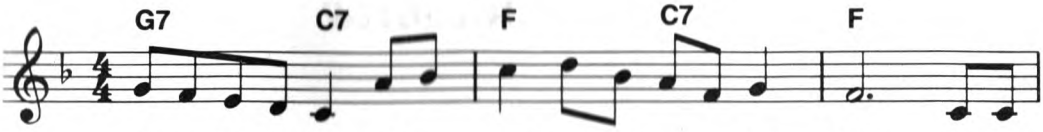
par - tridge _ in a pear tree. On the sev-enth day of Christ-mas my

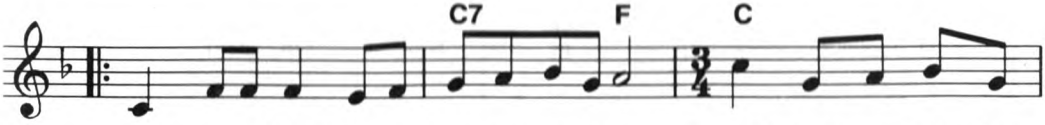


true love gave to me, sev - en swans a swim-ming, six geese a - lay-ing,

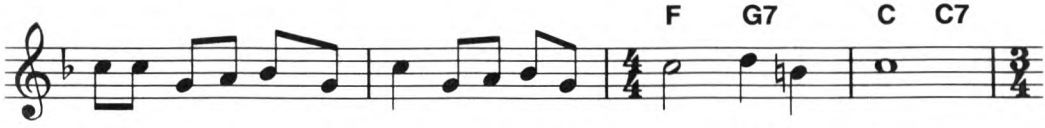


five gold - en rings; four _ mock-ing birds, three French hens,

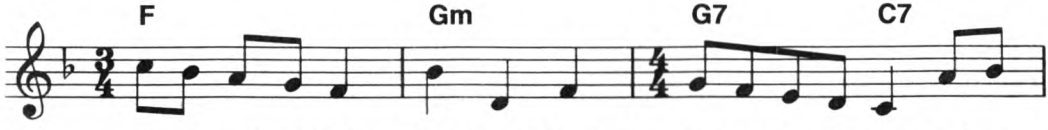




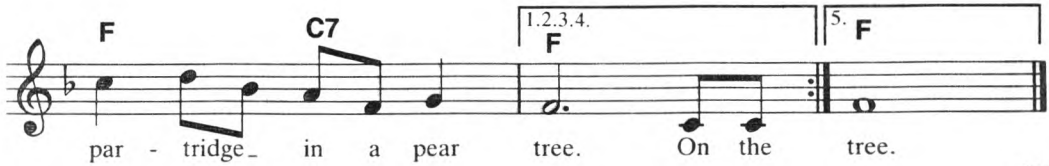
eighth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me, eight maids a - milk - ing,
ninth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me, nine la - dies wait - ing,
tenth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me, ten lords a - leap - ing,
eleventh day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me, eleven pip - ers pip - ing,
twelfth day of Christ-mas my true love gave to me, twelve drum-mers drum-ming,



sev-en swans a-swim-ming, six geese a - lay-ing, five gold - en rings;



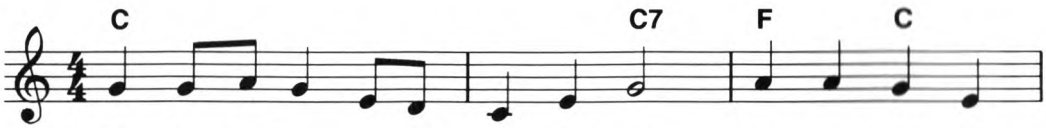
four _ mock-ing birds, three French hens, two _ tur - tle doves and a



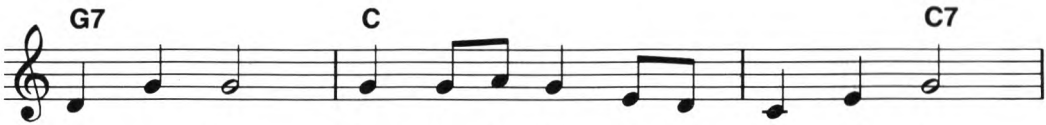
par - tridge _ in a pear tree. On the tree.

UP ON THE HOUSETOP

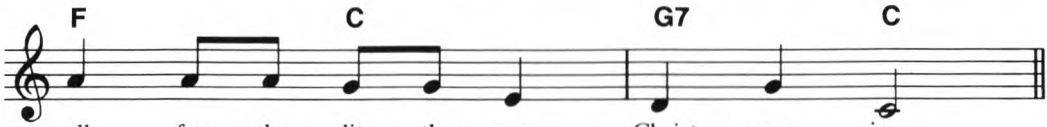
PIANO or VIBRAPHONE
BRIGHT 'N' BRASSY
Medium fast SWING



Up On The house - top the rein - deer pause, out jumps good old
First comes the stock - ing of lit - tle Nell; Oh, dear San - ta

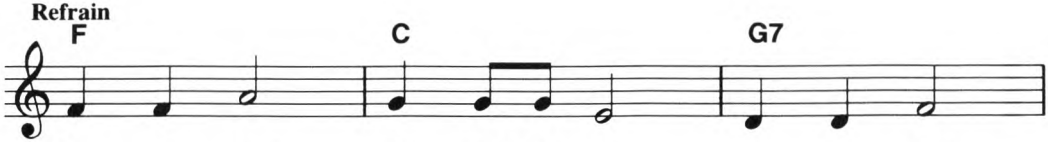


San - ta Claus: Down thru the chim - ney with lots of toys,
fill it well; Give her a dol - ly that laughs and cries,

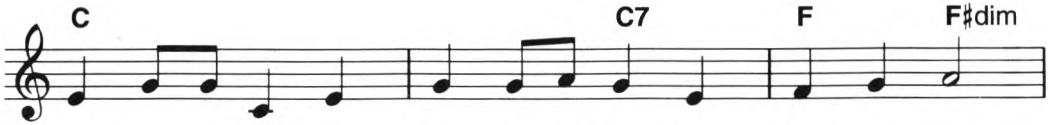


all for the lit - tle ones, Christ - mas joys.
one that will o - pen and shut her eyes.

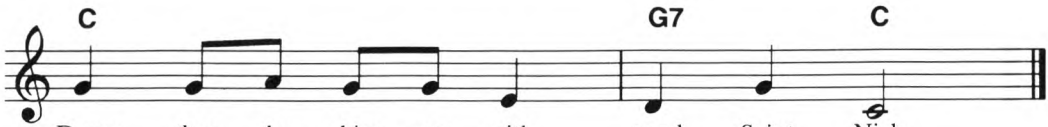
Refrain



Ho, ho, ho! who would-n't go! Ho, ho, ho!



who would-n't go!____ Up On The House - top, click, click, click;



Down thru the chim - ney with good Saint Nick.

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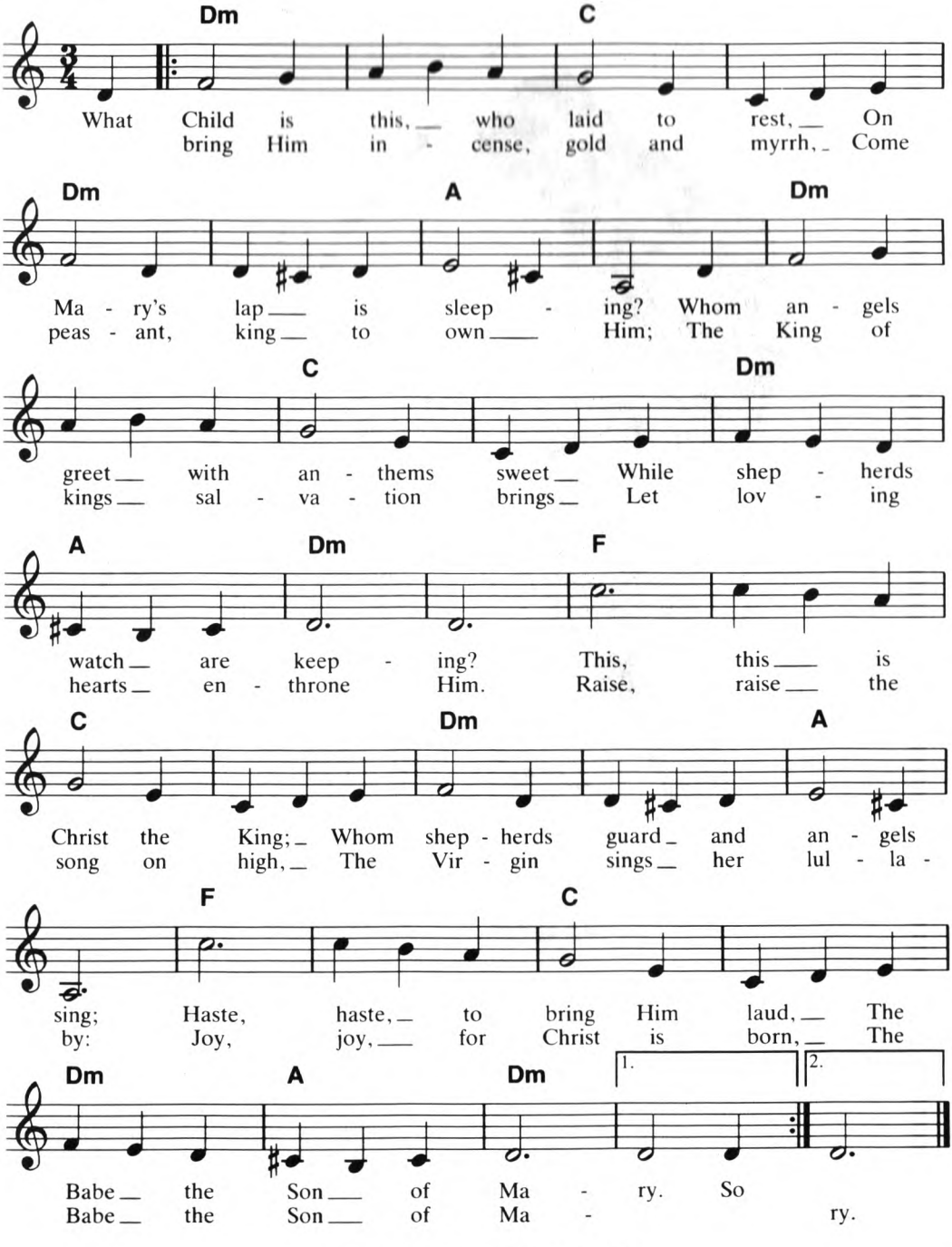
WHAT CHILD IS THIS?

OBOE
FULL 'N' BRILLIANT
Slow WALTZ



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December 1897

Editor
New York Sun Newspaper
New York

Dear Editor,

I am 8 years old. Some kids say that there is no Santa Claus. I asked my dad and he said that if you see it in The Sun, then its so. Please tell me if there really is a Santa Claus.

Yours truly
Virginia

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus! He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that no children or men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive all the wonders that are unseen or unseeable in the world. . . .

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Sincerely,

Francis P. Church
Editor
New York Sun

CHORD CHART

	MAJOR (chord letter only)	MINOR (m)	SEVENTH (7)	AUGMENTED (aug) (+)	DIMINISHED (dim)	MINOR SEVENTH (m7)	MAJOR SEVENTH (maj7) (M7)
C	G C E	G C E♭	G B♭ C E	G♯ C E	G♭ A C E♭	G B♭ C E♭	C E G B
D♭ (C♯)	A♭ D♭ F	A♭ D♭ E	A♭ B D♭ F	A D♭ F	G B♭ D♭ E	A♭ B D♭ E	D♭ F A♭ C
D	F♯ A D	A D F	F♯ A C D	F♯ A♯ D	G♯ B D F	A C D F	D F♯ A C♯
E♭ (D♯)	G B♭ E♭	G♭ B♭ E♭	G B♭ D♭ E♭	G B E♭	G♭ A C E♭	G♭ B♭ D♭ E♭	E♭ G B♭ D
E	G♯ B E	G B E	G♯ B D E	G♯ C E	G B♭ D♭ E	G B D E	E G♯ B D♯
F	A C F	A♭ C F	A C E♭ F	A D♭ F	F A♭ B D	A♭ C E♭ F	F A C E
F♯ (G♭)	F♯ A♯ C♯	F♯ A C♯	F♯ A♯ C♯ E	F♯ A♯ D	F♯ A C D♯	F♯ A C♯ E	F♯ A♯ C♯ E♯
G	G B D	G B♭ D	G B D F	G B D♯	G B♭ D♭ E	G B♭ D F	G B D F♯
A♭ (G♯)	A♭ C E♭	A♭ B E♭	G♭ A♭ C E♭	A♭ C E	F A♭ B D	G♭ A♭ B E♭	A♭ C E♭ G
A	A C♯ E	A C E	G A C♯ E	A C♯ F	G♭ A C E♭	G A C E	A C♯ E G♯
B♭ (A♯)	B♭ D F	B♭ D♭ F	F A♭ B♭ D	G♭ B♭ D	G B♭ D♭ E	A♭ B♭ D♭ F	B♭ D F A
B (C♭)	F♯ B D♯	F♯ B D	F♯ A B D♯	G B D♯	F A♭ B D	F♯ A B D	B D♯ F♯ A♯

AWAY IN A MANGER

THE FRIENDLY BEASTS

JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS

WHAT CHILD IS THIS

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

UP ON THE HOUSETOP

TO US IS BORN A LITTLE CHILD

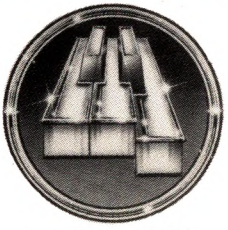
CHRIST WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

MARCH OF THE THREE KINGS

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

and more

WORLD LEADER IN
HIGH-TECH MUSIC SOFTWARE



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